

# SPIRIT

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### ON THE GENIUS OF THOMAS MOORE.

If that may be considered as useful which is productive of pleasurable emotions, and conducive to the happiness of mankind, the question as to the utility of poetry may be at once put to rest, and like all other troublesome phantoms quietly consigned to the Red Sea. There is something in the imaginative, in the romantic, and chivalrous, to exalt our thoughts, and to elevate our spirits above the pressure of calamities,—to lead us from the cold dulness of reality to the ethereal regions of vision, peopled with beings of innocence and beauty, and arrayed in the glory of perennial verdure, where the voice of woe is never heard, and where, to use the beautiful expression of Goldsmith, "every sound is but the echo of tranquillity." It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that poetry has been the most popular of all arts; that it has taken the firmest hold of the human affections; and exercised the widest influence over the passions of mankind. In it sorrow finds a solace,—by it "men are taught as if you taught them not." The philosopher endeavors vainly to soothe the afflictions of life by assuring us that all matters are indifferent, and that pain is no evil. The politician assumes the supremacy, by holding up the scourge as a terror to evil doers; and withdraws men from error, not by showing that their ways are wrong in themselves, but that they will draw down upon them the vengeance of the law. The poet acts a

more paternal part; he purifies the mind by images of beauty and sublimity; he instills into our hearts the love of harmony and social order; and endeavors to show us the happiness of innocence, and the enormity of guilt, in order to make us good. That spare time which lies heavy upon the hands of even the most busy—the intervals of relaxation—the repose from severer studies, may be thus filled up with pleasure and advantage. It is no failing of the present day that the feelings of romance and enthusiasm are too widely diffused, or too generally acted upon; nor is it greatly to be feared, in a commercial nation like our own, that self-interest will by this, or any other means, ever come to be greatly neglected. The actual tendency indeed is directly otherwise. The feelings of society, if not thus elevated, have a continual tendency downward; and, in illustration, it is worthy of remark that no nation of either ancient or modern times, without a love of the fine arts, has ever arrived at any superior degree in the scale of moral exaltation.

The promotion of this generosity of character—the diffusion of this liberality of mind is, we imagine, the great end of poetry—poetry, the relic of paradise, the rainbow of more substantial visions. It strengthens our love of country by raising its strains in the patriot's praise;—it strengthens our love of mankind, by exhibiting to us whatever is noble,

and generous, and amiable, in our nature,—by showing us that we are all guided or governed by the same affections, and liable to the same necessities. It strengthens our love for the Creator, by fanning the flame of admiration for his works, and leading the mind onward to a future state, where alone the fictions of poetry can be realised; for this world is at best a passing show, and, as men are now constituted, it is in vain to look for

“A progeny of golden years  
Permitted to descend, and bless mankind.”

Many of the ancient fables are nothing more than beautiful allegories, illustrative of the power of poetry and music over the human mind; and in our own day the strains of genuine inspiration have proved themselves to be as irresistible as ever; for if any of the arts bear a resemblance to “things unseen” and wished for, it is poetry. It is an aspiration of the soul after unapproachable good. It purifies our nature from its corporeal dross, and exhibits the splendor of its intellectuality. By it man is temporarily elevated above the wants which are incidental to the grosser parts of our nature, and linked to superior orders of intelligences. He exists only in the strength of his affections.

The poetry of Moore is in a great measure of this elevating and ethereal kind; full of harmony and spirit and splendor; of the heroism of man and the tenderness of woman; the beauty of the inferior creation and the magnificence of nature. He seems to have drawn in with the first breath of existence the very spirit of gladness, which, operating on a mind of great sensibility and fervid imagination, has rendered him acutely alive to every internal and to every external impression; to “all the impulses of soul and sense.” The buoyancy of his feelings will not allow gloomy associations to take possession of his mind; his delight is not in the tempest, but in the sunshine; not in the desolate bleakness of winter, but in the summer landscape; not in the climes

where the necessities of men are supplied by labor and persevering industry, but where nature brings forth of herself, spontaneously spreading her luxuriant bosom to the sun, and offering up a feast for all that lives. His muse is like one of his own Eastern Peris, full of life, and light, and beauty,—a froward and restless cherub, too animated to be ever listless, and too full of gaiety to bestow aught but a transient tear on the misfortunes, or crimes, or follies of mankind; whose delight is in the luxuries of art and nature; whose flight is above the materialities of the grosser elements; whose thoughts are a concatenation of thick-blown fancies; whose syllables are music.

The genius of Thomas Moore is unquestionably of a lyrical description. His finer efforts are for the most part of this kind; and even amid the beauty of his more lengthened and more weighty productions, they break upon us like a greener spot in the garden. When he assumes a graver tone, he seems evidently to be wandering from his natural demesne, and feels like an exile in a far country, where he finds only “strange tongues, strange voices, and oh! hearts more strange.” The horrors of war are not for him; with its pomp and circumstance, its pageantry and parade, he is more in his element. To the delineation of the stronger affections of the mind, to the conception of the tempests and tornadoes of passion, he is not unequal; but it evidently costs him a strong effort to support himself. He would rather sit in the grot of Calypso than struggle with Ulysses, between the Sicilian whirlpools.

If Crabbe is said to be the poet of severe reality, with still greater propriety Moore may be affirmed to be the poet of luxurious refinement. A district of Alpine scenery, whose only interest consisted in torrents, and rocks, in pine forests and avalanches, which have come down “with mountainous overwhelming,” would have less charms for him than a moonlight

lake, whose banks were perfumed with roses and geraniums. The simple maiden of devoted heart, and artless innocence, would not suit his pencil so well as the delicate lady with pearls in her hair. The truth is, that Moore is too fond of gaudy and glittering finery. He puts too much color in his pictures; and the result is, that he is more apt to please than to impress, to dazzle than to delight. He hurries the reader from landscape to landscape, where nothing is to be seen but artificial cascades, and orange groves, or apple orchards; above which peer Turkish minarets and Chinese summer-houses: or if the evening be abroad, introduces him into an assembly of belles and beaux; where myriads of lamps' lustres throw a deluge of light on rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes; flaunting feathers and glittering necklaces; harps, tambourines, and frizzled dandies. But it must not be inferred from this, that his machinery is artificial, or that he has not a relish for the severer beauties of nature. His poetry is totally and radically different from the Della Cruscan. The finery of Moore consists in doing the utmost to exalt, embellish, and—if we may so speak—to etherealize his subject, not in stilted the intrinsically worthless into eminence; and if his heroines be sometimes over-dressed, it will be found that their natural beauty entitles them to every mark of the poet's regard. Activity, and a willingness to be delighted and delightful, are the predominant characters of his poetry. No objects, however beautiful, are allowed to remain long the idols of his affection; and he says everything that can be said in their praise with fervency, and in few words. He is borne along on the wings of a brilliant imagination; and, from the rapidity of his flight, it is not wonderful that objects sometimes appear to have a retrograde motion. He has more affectation than sickness of sentiment; more brilliant than profound observation; not to say that he is either a coxcomb or a sophist, but that, from

the activity of his imagination, ever on the wing, and willing to be doing, we can observe some things that are overdone, and others that had better have been left undone. Thus in a chain of beautiful and true inspiration a link of falsetto is dexterously interposed to fill up a gap, like a gunflower woven amid a natural garland. In his satirical and lively pieces he possesses all the freedom and naïveté of Prior, with a stronger poetical temperament. His hues are more ethereal, and his imagery gathered from a wider range; though in other essentials for this secondary species of poetry he is decidedly his inferior. Acuteness and dexterity he possesses in abundance; but Prior possesses the faculty, in a superior degree, of exhibiting pleasantries on weighty matters, and seriousness on trifling occurrences; of displaying, with a laughing grace, the most vulnerable aspect of his subject, and then half shading it over so suddenly as to attract instead of repelling the intrusive glances of the reader. Moore is deficient in adapting his materials so exactly to his purposes. His compliments are as fine, but his raillery and invective are less fastidious, and coarser. He strikes the nail with equal force and decision, but Prior rivets it on the other side. The one throws Prometheus on the ground, and chains him there: the other does more than this; he sets a vulture to feed upon his liver.

We are heartily glad that the taste of this age is determined to keep this species of poetry within the limits which its natural secondariness assigns it, and to let the seat of supremacy be filled by that which is more pure, more elevated, and more comprehensive. It has never been disputed that the satires of Juvenal and Persius are inferior in point of dignity and true poetical enthusiasm to the heroic descriptions of Virgil and Ovid; and it is just as far beyond the possibility of cavil that Pope and Dryden, with all their excellences, must content themselves with a less elevated region on Parnassus than their predecessors

Shakspeare and Milton. We assure Mr. Moore that were we possessed of his powers, we would put them to better and to higher purposes than in caricaturing the fashions or the follies of the age, the last of which will die with or before their possessors, and the first be forgot before the satire reaches them.

Until the publication of "*Lalla Rookh*," Moore could only be considered as a poet of promise. Many of the "*Irish Melodies*" are surpassingly beautiful, but their shortness made them appear "like angel visits." Perhaps what Moore intended to render their greatest attraction is that which is in truth their greatest blemish; we mean his too frequent, and in many instances, his too forced allusions to Irish tradition: yet to the feelings that dictated this we bow with sincere admiration. The most beautiful specimens are those in which he has unbosomed internal reflections which are common to the whole of mankind, and which must render them interesting to the world in general as being applicable to the feelings and affections of the whole of mankind, and as finding a sympathetic chord in every bosom. From his poetical versatility and active imagination, combined with a delicate taste and powerful command of language, it is not surprising that Moore has utterly eclipsed all the song writers of his age. Indeed he has no superior in this department within the range of British poetry, unless it be in Burns, who starts from the crowd "*proudly preëminent*," and challenges the past, the present, and the future, to a rivalry of excellence.

Both are esteemed national poets, but Moore is by no means so worthy of the appellation as the illustrious Scotchman. From the lyrical poetry of Moore we may collect something of Irish tradition, and of that brilliancy of fancy which is characteristic of the country. But it is in vain that we would look for Irish habit and Irish prejudices; for the national scenery, or the national costume. We have nothing of the peasantry, no allusion to the interior of the sheeling. His

delineations and his language are all directed to a certain class; and would be as incomprehensible to the great mass of the Irish natives as if they were written in a foreign idiom. They have been general favorites in the drawing-room, and deservedly so; and it cannot be denied that they make delightful accompaniments to the piano and the harp. But the popularity of Burns is of a wider range. He has something wherewithal to satisfy every appetite, and to please every taste. His songs take in the whole compass of society; he is a worthy successor of Shakspeare. It is not by one class alone that he is read, or by one class only that he is relished and thoroughly understood. In Scotland his name is a household word, and his verses are in every mouth. By the exile, in a "*far and foreign*" clime, his compositions are read and remembered as the dearest and most endearing tokens of recollection—as the most faithful, the most delightful, the most genuine, and characteristic sketches of his beloved country—of the home of his ancestors and the scenes of his youth. Moreover, it may be deemed the highest triumph of genius over adverse circumstances that the world has yet afforded, that the birth of an obscure and unlettered peasant should be celebrated wherever his countrymen are to be found, from the Athens of the north to the capital of the British settlements in the eastern world.

We doubt much whether the poetry of Moore, with all its excellences, will ever be capable of exerting such an influence over the minds of his countrymen; or whether he will ever be considered as a national bard in the latitude to which that term may be justly applied to the inimitable Burns. The elegance of his language, and the refinement of his sentiments, are not calculated to promote this universality of his fame among his countrymen. Burns and Moore, however, may not unaptly be taken, individually, as the personified Genius of their respective countries—the latter of Erin, with her natural eloquence

and airiness—and the former of Scotland, with her deep thought and impassioned feelings.

From the future exertions of Moore much may reasonably be hoped for; but as yet *Lalla Rookh* is the volume on which his fame chiefly depends. The preparatory reading which it cost him must have been stupendous; and notwithstanding the powerful exertions of Sir William Jones and of Southey, no one will hesitate to say that the costume is better preserved, and that the imagery and allusions are more strictly Oriental. It has been objected that he riots in a kind of lawless luxuriance, and tramples on the abundance of the sweets he cannot taste; but, after all, this is no more than a proof of his powerful resources and of his internal wealth—of the study he has bequeathed to his subject, and the ability with which he was prepared to illustrate it.

"*The Veiled Prophet*" exhibits the most frequent marks of severe composition, and the most eloquent bursts of passionate thought; but then there is a laxity and slovenliness in the versification, which, to those who have been delighted with the varied energy and sweetness of Dryden, Goldsmith, and Campbell, make it appear heavy, and monotonous, and cloying. Has Mr. Moore adopted this style—for it is different from that of his early epistles—from the idea of its originality, or from its bearing some analogy to the laxity and indolence of Asiatic manners? The tone of the greater part of the poem is imposing, and gorgeously magnificent. The scenes between Azim and Zelicca, however, are replete with chastened beauty; and the conclusion of the whole inspires a feeling of gentle repose, breathing over the mind a holy calm, soft and sweet, like the south wind after passing over a bed of violets.

To be convinced that Mr. Moore has wandered from his natural element in composing "*The Veiled Prophet*," we have only to turn to the delightful fiction of "*Paradise and*

*the Peri*." Nothing can be finer than the description of the beautiful outcast of the celestial regions, bathing her plumage in the sunshine over the ruins of Palmyra—of the patriot expiring with the broken lance in his grasp—or of the heart-distracted prodigal surveying the innocence of childhood, and, like "*The Robber Moor*," reverting with a bleeding heart to the days of his childhood.

Were we, however, called upon, in a word, to mention the most excellent of Moore's compositions, without hesitation we would say "*The Fire Worshipers*," as it is that in which he has exhibited the greatest power of versification and invention; in which his peculiar excellences are more distinctly marked, and from which the most favorable impression of his genius may be obtained. Hinda is a beautiful creation, though it would be difficult to find her counterpart in the living world. She is all love, and belief, and tears—the embodied spirit of tenderness—a thing of celestial elements, walking in an enchanted circle, and throwing around her a halo of unearthly beauty. The conflict of affection and patriotism, in the chief of the Guebers, is finely portrayed. His heroic determination demands our admiration for himself, and our regret for Hinda. We behold him striking the last blow for liberty—baffled in the attempt, and, amid the darkness of night, throwing himself upon the funeral pyre, a sacrifice to his faith, and the last of a mighty line.

After this, "*The Light of the Har-em*" can only be considered as a lesser constellation; but its radiance is sparkling and pretty enough. It is a trifle, to be sure, but such a trifle as few except Mr. Moore could have well managed,—the hero a self-willed prince, and the heroine a pouting beauty. The chief merit of the piece lies, however, in the lyrical effusions interspersed throughout. The scenery is to the highest pitch splendid and magnificent; nothing is to be heard but music, and nothing beheld but the female beauties of the east, amid

moonlight fountains and groves of fragrance.

Moore has no relation, except by contrast, to any modern author but Lord Byron; and even when set down beside him, the marks of his originality are sufficiently distinctive. With a more active imagination than the author of "The Corsair," Moore does not possess, in an equal degree, the command of such vigorous expression. The current of his thoughts is shallower; his ideas float more on the surface of his mind. Moore is the poet of sunshine and summer—Byron of tempest and desolation. The one revels amid the joyful forebodings of youthful hope and ardent fancy; the other broods over the wreck and ruins of the human heart,

when the soul is bending under the weight of existence, and only hoping that it is "something better not to be." The genius of Moore may be compared to the coruscations of the aurora borealis amid the deep blue of the northern sky; that of Byron to the eruption of a volcano, blazing with tyrannic fury through the silence and shadows of midnight, glaring on the affrighted earth, and evolving its blackness over the starry canopy. On the whole Moore is inferior to Byron in true poetical energy—to Scott in just observation of mankind—to Campbell in strength of conception—to Southey in variety of detail—but in vivid splendor of imagery, and grace, and facility, the palm of superiority is his own.

## ELEN OF REIGH.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

HAVE you never heard of Elen of Reigh,  
The fairest flower of the north countrie?  
The maid that left all maidens behind  
In all that was lovely, sweet, and kind:  
As sweet as the breeze o'er beds of balm,  
As happy and gay as the gamesome lamb,  
As light as the feather that dances on high,  
As blithe as the lark in the breast of the sky,  
As modest as young rose that blossoms too soon,  
As mild as the breeze on a morning of June;  
Her voice was the music's softest key,  
And her form the comeliest symmetry.

But let bard describe her smile who can,  
For that is beyond the power of man;  
There never was pen that hand could frame,  
Nor tongue that falter'd at maiden's name,  
Could once a distant tint convey  
Of its lovely and benignant ray.  
You have seen the morning's folding vest  
Hang dense and pale upon the east,  
As if an angel's hand had strewn  
The dawning's couch with the eider down,  
And shrouded with a curtain gray  
The cradle of the infant day?  
And 'mid this orient dense and pale,  
Through one small window of the veil  
You have seen the sun's first radiant hue  
Lightening the dells and vales of dew,  
With smile that seem'd through glory's rim  
From dwellings of the cherubim;  
And you have thought, with holy awe,  
A lovelier sight you never saw,  
Scorning the heart who dared to doubt it;  
Alas! you little knew about it!

At beauty's shrine you ne'er have knelt,  
Nor felt the flame that I have felt;  
Nor chanced the virgin smile to see  
Of beauty's model, Elen of Reigh!

When sunbeams on the river blaze,  
You on its glory scarce can gaze;  
But when the moon's delicious beam,  
In giddy splendor woos the stream,  
Its mellow'd light is so refined,  
'Tis like a gleam of soul and mind;  
Its gentle ripple glittering by,  
Like twinkle of a maiden's eye;  
While all amazed at Heaven's steepness,  
You gaze into its liquid deepness,  
And see some beauties that excel—  
Visions to dream of, not to tell—  
A downward soul of living hue,  
So mild, so modest, and so blue!

What am I raving of just now?  
Forsooth, I scarce can say to you—  
A moonlight river beaming by,  
Or holy depth of virgin's eye;  
Unconscious bard! What perilous dream-  
ing!  
Is nought on earth to thee beseeching,  
Will nothing serve but beauteous women?  
No, nothing else. But 'tis strange to me,  
If you never heard aught of Elen of Reigh.

But whenever you breathe the breeze of balm,  
Or smile at the frolics of the lamb,  
Or watch the stream by the light of the moon,  
Or weep for the rosebud that opes too soon,



Or when any beauty of this creation  
 Moves your delight or admiration,  
 You then may try, whatever it be,  
 That to compare with Elen of Reigh :  
 But never presume that lovely creature  
 Once to compare with aught in nature ;  
 For earth has neither form nor face  
 Which heart can ween or eye can trace,  
 That once comparison can stand  
 With Elen the flower of fair Scotland.

'Tis said that angels are passing fair  
 And lovely beings ;—I hope they are :  
 But for all their beauty of form and wing,  
 If lovelier than the maid I sing,  
 They needs must be—I cannot tell—  
 Something beyond all parallel ;  
 Something admitted, not believed,  
 Which heart of man hath ne'er conceived ;  
 But these are beings of mental bliss,  
 Not things to love, and soothe, and kiss.—  
 There is something dear, say as we will,  
 In winsome human nature still.

Elen of Reigh was the flower of our wild,  
 Elen of Reigh was an only child,  
 A motherless lamb, in childhood thrown  
 On bounteous Nature, and her alone ;  
 But who can mould like that mighty dame  
 The mind of fervor and mounting flame,  
 The mind that beams with a glow intense  
 For fair and virtuous excellence !  
 Not one ! though many a mighty name,  
 High margin'd on the lists of fame,  
 Has blazon'd her ripe tuition high.  
 The world has own'd it, and well may I !  
 But most of all that right had she,  
 The flower of our mountains, fair Elen of  
 Reigh.

But human life is like a river—  
 Its brightness lasts not on forever—  
 That dances from its native braes,  
 As pure as maidhood's early days ;  
 But soon, with dark and sullen motion,  
 It rolls into its funeral ocean,  
 And those whose currents are the slightest,  
 And shortest run, are aye the brightest :  
 So is our life—its latest wave  
 Rolls dark and solemn to the grave ;  
 And soon o'ercast was Elen's day,  
 And changed, as must my sportive lay.

When beauty is in its rosy prime,  
 There is something sacred and sublime,  
 To see all living worth combined  
 In such a lovely being's mind ;  
 Each thing for which we would wish to  
 live,  
 Each grace, each virtue Heaven can give.  
 Such being was Elen, if such can be ;  
 A faith unstain'd, a conscience free,  
 Pure Christian love and charity,  
 All breathed in such a holy strain,  
 The hearts of men could not refrain  
 From wonder at what they heard and saw ;  
 Even greatest sinners stood in awe  
 At seeing a form and soul unshadow'd—  
 A model for the walks of maidhood.

You will feel a trembling wish to know,  
 If such a being could e'er forego  
 Her onward path of heavenly aim,  
 To love a thing of mortal frame.  
 Ah ! never did heart in bosom dwell,  
 That loved as warmly and as well,  
 Or with such ligaments profound  
 Was twined another's heart around ;  
 But blush not—dread not, I entreat,  
 Nor tremble for a thing so sweet.

Not comely youth with downy chin,  
 Nor manhood's goodliest form, could win  
 One wistful look, or dew-drop sheen,  
 From eye so heavenly and serene.  
 Her love, that with her life began,  
 Was set on thing more pure than man—  
 'Twas on a virgin of like mind,  
 As pure, as gentle, as refined ;  
 They in one cradle slept when young—  
 Were taught by the same blessed tongue ;  
 Aye smiled each other's face to see—  
 Were nursed upon the self same-knee ;  
 And the first word each tongue could frame  
 Was a loved playmate's cheering name.

Like two young poplars of the vale,  
 Like two young twin roses of the dale,  
 They grew ; and life had no alloy,—  
 Their fairy path was all of joy.  
 They danced, they sang, they play'd, they  
 roved,  
 And O how dearly as they loved !  
 While in that love, with reverence due,  
 Their God and their Redeemer too  
 Were twined, which made it the sincerer,  
 And still the holier and the dearer.

Each morning, when they woke from  
 sleep,  
 They kneel'd, and pray'd with reverence  
 deep ;  
 Then raised their sightly forms so trim,  
 And sung their little morning hymn.  
 Then tripping joyfully and bland,  
 They to the school went hand in hand ;  
 Came home as blithesome and as bright,  
 And slept in other's arms each night.

Sure in such sacred bonds to live,  
 Nature has nothing more to give.  
 So loved they on, and still more dear,  
 From day to day, from year to year ;  
 And when their flexile forms began  
 To take the mould so loved by man,  
 They blush'd—embraced each other less,  
 And wept at their own loveliness,  
 As if their bliss was overcast,  
 And days of feelings pure were past.

But who can fathom or reprove  
 The counsels of the God of love,  
 Or stay the mighty hand of Him  
 Who dwells between the cherubim ?  
 No man nor angel—All must be  
 Submiss to his supreme decree.  
 And so it hap'd that this fair maid,  
 In all her virgin charms array'd,  
 Just when upon the verge she stood

Of bright and seemly womanhood,  
From this fair world was call'd away,  
In mildest and in gentlest way.  
Fair world indeed ; but still akin  
To much of sorrow and of sin.

Poor Elen watch'd the parting strife  
Of her she loved far more than life ;  
The placid smile that strove to tell  
To her beloved that all was well.  
O many a holy thing they said,  
And many a prayer together pray'd,  
And many a hymn, both morn and even,  
Was breathed upon the breeze of heaven,  
Which Hope, on wings of sacred love,  
Presented at the gates above.

The last words into ether melt,  
The last squeeze of the hand is felt,  
And the last breathings, long apart,  
Like aspirations of the heart,  
Told Elen that she now was left,  
A thing of love and joy bereft—  
A sapling from its parent torn,  
A rose upon a widow'd thorn,  
A twin roe, or bewilder'd lamb,  
Reft both of sister and of dam—  
How could she weather out the strife  
And sorrows of this mortal life !

The last rites of funereal gloom,  
The pageant heralds of the tomb,  
That more in form than feeling tell  
The sorrows of the last farewell,  
Are all observed with decent care,  
And but one soul of grief was there.  
The virgin mould, so mild and meet,  
Is roll'd up in its winding sheet ;  
Affection's yearnings form'd the rest,  
The dead rose rustles on the breast,  
The wrists are bound with bracelet bands,  
The pallid gloves are on the hands,  
And all the flowers the maid held dear  
Are strew'd within her gilded bier ;  
A hundred sleeves with lawn are pale,  
A hundred crapes wave in the gale,  
And in a motley mix'd array  
The funeral train winds down Glen-Reigh.  
Alack ! how shortly thoughts were lasting  
Of the grave to which they all were hast-  
ing !

The grave is open ; the mourners gaze  
On bones and skulls of former days ;  
The pall 's withdrawn—in letters sheen,  
" Maria Gray—aged eighteen,"  
Is read by all with heaving sighs,  
And ready hands to moisten'd eyes.  
Solemn and slow the bier is laid  
Into its deep and narrow bed,  
And the mould rattles o'er the dead !

What sound like that can be conceived ?  
That thunder to a soul bereaved !  
When crumbling bones grate on the bier  
Of all the bosom's core held dear ;  
'Tis like a growl of hideous wrath—  
The last derisive laugh of death—  
Over his victim that lies under ;

The heart's last bands then rent asunder,  
And no communion more to be  
Till time melt in Eternity !

From that dread moment Elen's soul  
Seem'd to outfly its earthly goal ;  
And her refined and subtle frame,  
Uplifted by unearthly flame,  
Seem'd soul alone—in likelihood,  
A spirit made of flesh and blood—  
A thing whose being and whose bliss  
Were bound to better world than this.

Her face, that with new lustre beam'd,  
Like features of a seraph seem'd ;  
A meekness, mix'd with a degree  
Of fervid, wild sublimity,  
Mark'd all her actions and her moods.  
She sought the loveliest solitudes,  
By the dingy dell or the silver spring,  
Her holy hymns of the dead to sing ;  
For all her songs and language bland  
Were of a loved and heavenly land—  
A land of saints and angels fair,  
And of a late dear dweller there ;  
But, watch'd full often, ears profane  
Once heard the following solemn strain :—

MARIA GRAY. A SONG.

1.

Who says that Maria Gray is dead,  
And that I in this world can see her  
never ?  
Who says she is laid in her cold death-bed,  
The prey of the grave and of death fore-  
ever ?  
Ah ! they know little of my dear maid,  
Or kindness of her spirit's giver !  
For every night she is by my side,  
By the morning bower, or the moonlight  
river.

2.

Maria was bonny when she was here,  
When flesh and blood was her mortal  
dwelling ;  
Her smile was sweet, and her mind was  
clear,  
And her form all human forms excelling.  
But O ! if they saw Maria now,  
With her looks of pathos and of feeling,  
They would see a cherub's radiant brow,  
To ravish'd mortal eyes unveiling.

3.

The rose is the fairest of earthly flowers—  
It is all of beauty and of sweetness—  
So my dear maid, in the heavenly bowers,  
Excels in beauty and in meetness.  
She has kiss'd my cheek, she has kemb'd  
my hair,  
And made a breast of heaven my pillow,  
And promised her God to take me there,  
Before the leaf falls from the willow.

4.

Farewell, ye homes of living men !  
I have no relish for your pleasures—



In the human face I nothing ken  
That with my spirit's yearning measures.  
I long for onward bliss to be,  
A day of joy, a brighter morrow;  
And from this bondage to be free,  
Farewell, thou world of sin and sorrow!

Thou Holy One, whose blood was spilt  
Upon the Cross, for human guilt,  
This humbled virgin's longings see,  
And take her soul in peace to thee!

O great was the wonder, and great was the  
dread,  
Of the friends of the living, and friends of  
the dead;  
For every evening and morning were seen  
Two maidens, where only one should have  
been!  
Still hand in hand they moved, and sung  
Their hymns, on the walks they trode  
when young;  
And one night some of the watcher train  
Were said to have heard this holy strain  
Wafted upon the trembling air.  
It was sung by one, although two were  
there:—

## HYMN OVER A DYING VIRGIN.

## 1.

O Thou whom once thy redeeming love  
Brought'st down to earth from the throne  
above,  
Stretch forth thy cup of salvation free  
To a thirsty soul that longs for thee!  
O Thou who left'st the realms of day,  
Whose blessed head in a manger lay,  
See her here prostrate before thy throne,  
Who trusts in thee, and in thee alone!

## 2.

O Thou, who once, as thy earthly rest,  
Wast cradled on a virgin's breast,  
For the sake of one who held thee dear,  
Extend thy love to this virgin here!

That very night the mysterious dame  
Not home to her father's dwelling came;  
Though her maidens sate in chill dismay,  
And watch'd, and call'd, till the break of  
day.  
But in the dawning, with fond regard,  
They sought the bower where the song  
was heard,  
And found her form stretched on the green,  
The loveliest corpse that ever was seen.  
She lay as in balmy sleep reposed,  
While her lips and eyes were sweetly  
closed,  
As if about to awake and speak;  
For a dimpling smile was on her cheek,  
And the pale rose there had a gentle glow,  
Like the morning's tint on a wreath of  
snow.

All was so seemly and serene,  
As she lay composed upon the green,  
It was plain to all that no human aid,  
But an angel's hand, had the body laid;  
For from her form there seem'd to rise  
The sweetest odors of Paradise.  
Around her temples and brow so fair,  
White roses were twined in her auburn  
hair;  
All bound with a birch and holly band,  
And the book of God was in her right hand.

Farewell, ye flow'rets of sainted fame,  
Ye sweetest maidens of mortal frame;  
A sacred love o'er your lives presided,  
And in your deaths you were not divided!  
O, blessed are they who bid adieu  
To this erring nature as pure as you!

## INTERLACHEN IN 1829.

OF all the extraordinary things I have  
seen in my travels, what seems to me  
the most singular is this colony of  
fashionables in the heart of primitive  
Switzerland. It is a curious idea of  
the gay and the sociable, who take  
the trouble of crossing mountains and  
lakes in order to meet one another  
again in this out-of-the-way corner of  
the world.

Imagine a village of boarding-  
houses by the side of black wooden  
chalets, in the midst of the wildest  
scenery, in face of the Monch and  
Jung Frau, with scarcely any other

mode of approach except by one of  
the two lakes of Thun or Brienz, be-  
tween which it is situated. When  
you go out to walk, you find an excel-  
lent road, shaded by beautiful walnut-  
trees, which, unfortunately, this year  
are very much eaten by the cock-  
chafers, and have just the appearance  
of ladies dressed in muslin or gauze—  
every form and limb is seen in that  
clear, hazy manner. You meet every  
moment parties of fashionables of  
both sexes, who are promenading or  
visiting; or else you encounter groups  
of pilgrims to the picturesque, going

or returning from the surrounding mountains; gentlemen and ladies with pikes in their hands, and both with equally large straw hats. The only particular in which they differ, are the men wearing "blouzes," and carrying haversacks on their backs; and even this distinction is sometimes done away with.

But how shall I immortalize the English four-in-hand I met to-day in Untersen! A dashing English carriage, with four hack horses, had a curious effect, combined with the charrs of all shapes and sizes one sees driving in all directions, with the clumsy riding-horses taken from the cart—in short, with the vast variety of moving vehicles everywhere to be seen. Nor must I forget the boats moving continually on the lakes of Thun and Brienz to every village on their well-known banks.

Yet amidst all these temptations to wander to a distance, sufficient time is found for every home amusement. Society is never wanting, as the boarders meet at a public dinner-table. Balls and concerts are sometimes got up, and the Church of England service is performed on Sunday. The cheapness of living, for five francs a day, everything included, is not the least astonishing part of this extraordinary Swiss village. Running and wrestling matches, at which prizes are distributed by the strangers to the victorious country people, may likewise be noticed among its singularities.

The young peasant-girls are here much prettier, and much more tastefully dressed, than those who languish in comparative obscurity in the other parts of Switzerland. Their hair is simply dressed in a circular plait, quite low behind, but it is parted and braided over the forehead in front, and a little bow of black ribbon stands coquettishly on one side, and is very becoming.

Instead of the stupid, full Swiss petticoat, the shape is shown to some advantage, and the greater height and slenderness of their figure appears.

After the short, full white sleeve ends, a colored stocking is worn which fits close to the arm, and is fastened above the elbow by a colored garter, which is pretty, though odd. This is the present fashion among the juvenile belles of Interlachen. Those who work in the fields wear generally large straw hats to shade their faces; in short, the "paysannes" of Interlachen are more conscious of their beauty, and more coquettish in their manner, than any women I have ever seen. They have much more quickness, and more delicate features than the generality of the Swiss peasants; in short, they are quite the fashionable ladies of this part of the country; and truly their delicacy is fostered by many circumstances.

Many of the families are very rich; they have no oppressors, and most of them add the pride of ancient descent to present ease of circumstances—having coats of arms which they have inherited from their fathers; so that they resemble the ancient Swiss, as they are represented in the time of the first confederation,—equally at ease, equally proud and independent. I should think there is very little change in the country since then, only liberty has rendered it more flourishing.

In speaking of the women of Interlachen, I must not forget the Belle Batelière, who keeps a shop at Untersen; and the young men still run after her to look at her, on account of her former fame, though sorrow has left indelible traces on her countenance.

How shall I ever be able to describe all the curiosities of the neighborhood of Interlachen, so numerous in every way, besides the fashionable fantasies I have mentioned!—to tell the legends attached to every castle, to the mountains, the villages, the caverns, which I have listened to with delight, while strolling among the shady walks commanding a view of the interesting places which were the subject of conversation; while the Monch and Jung Frau, fit companions for one another, shone beautifully in

clear vestal light, after obscurity had crept over the other mountains, and were reflected in the dark waters of the Aar beneath: even the guardian star of the Jung Frau, which seems ever to watch over her, and enlighten her in the hours of darkness, shone brightly in the river—beautiful emblem of the care which Heaven takes of innocence amidst the night of adversity! How many ages have these two pure beings stood silent witnesses of the deeds of men! What scenes of dark wickedness could they tell of; and how must the souls of those who committed them have reproached them, when they turned their eyes towards these beautiful mountains from the blood which flowed around them. When the Lord of Rothenflue had murdered his brother for the sake of his inheritance, no wonder that he could no longer bear the sight of such enduring witnesses, but fled his country, and died far from all he had loved;—as we read in the inscription on the rock on the road to Lauterbrunnen, near which, the deed was committed.

I will endeavor to retrace some of these legends, the memory of which endures in my mind. I have read and listened attentively to the subject, for my heart takes delight in the romance attached to it.

Rinkelberg is a nice village, in a lovely situation on the Lake of Brienz. There are the remains of an old castle, and a church is now built close beside them. A romantic tale is told of the last lord of this place. He became enamored of the daughter of a fisherman, remarkable for her beauty, in the village opposite, across the lake. He often begged her father to bring her to his castle and leave her with him; but the old father said he should rather prefer her death. One day he brought her, accompanying her himself, but could not be prevailed upon to leave her: which so enraged the tyrant lord, that from his castle he shot the poor girl in the heart, as she was returning home in her father's boat.

The old man seemed to take no notice, but he nurtured the deep cold vengeance of a true Swiss heart. He buried his daughter, and left the country. Sometime after, the tyrant lord wished to build another castle on a neighboring eminence, and for that purpose he summoned all the best architects. The old father of the unfortunate maid seized the opportunity of revenging her fate; he suffered his beard to grow, and otherwise disguised himself completely. Pretending to be a master-mason, he presented himself before the Lord of Rinkelberg, took him to the hill where the castle was to be built, tried the rock, considered the situation, and, finally, asked the lord what his castle should be called. "Schadenburg, the castle of wrong," said he. "No, Freyburg, the castle of liberty," resumed the pretended mason; and at the same time he struck the vile lord a blow with his hammer, which despatched him within sight of the spot where his fair victim had perished through his unworthy and ungoverned passions. Tradition assures us of the safety of the old fisherman. The tyrant was the last of his race; and his was not a character to attract the affection of the neighboring peasants, who most likely shielded their countryman from the rage of the lord's retainers, had any been willing to revenge his death.

At the distance of a long walk from Interlachen is the Beatenhohle, or St. Beat's Cave. You arrive there through a pretty wood of firs, in many places close to the Lake of Thun, and indulging you with many peeps of its waters through openings in the dark trees. An ancient direction-post points the way to this once celebrated place of pilgrimage. Having passed this, you still ascend to a high face of perpendicular rock, in which is a cavern shaded by trees and bushes, out of which runs a stream, which forms, lower down, the pretty cascade of Beatenbach, seen by all voyagers on the Lake of Thun. Tradition assigns this as the residence of the first

preacher of Christianity in this neighborhood. For the honor of my countrymen, I must fain declare him to have been an Englishman, who returning from Rome, where the Pope had taken great pains with his edification, and given him the name of Beat, was quite in despair on seeing the dreadful state of this then heathen valley. Finding no one would take him into their home, he sought three days for a habitation, and at last rejoiced in finding a very sorry one,—none other than this cave: where, I fear, the water must at times have been a great annoyance to him. However, Satan was a still greater plague, if report speaks truth. Seven days he battled with him for this miserable hole; till at last faith and prayer prevailed, and St. Beat obtained possession, but not quiet, for the Devil raised a most dreadful tempest when the good saint wished to go and administer the food of the word to a faithful flock who waited for him, broke his boat, and reduced him to despair, till he cast himself down on his red mantle; and then the Devil's spite was amply made up to him, for he was wafted on it high over the waves to the expectant congregation, who, no doubt, were much strengthened and confirmed by his miraculous appearance. Another sweet bit of revenge he obtained over Satan, who in the church, when one of Beat's converts was preaching, was very busy in a corner under the pulpit, setting down the names of all those who fell asleep on a very hot day after a long walk, during the sermon; feeling quite sure, that, if he had it down in black and white, to show at the judgment-day, these unlucky wights would all be condemned, without mercy, to everlasting chains. So many slept, that the goat's-skin the Devil had with him was quite full; and in order to stretch it to make it hold more, he pulled it with his teeth till his head knocked against the pulpit and rang again: which made Beat, who was watching him, burst into a loud laugh, and woke all the sleepers for that

day. The miraculous virtues of Beat's cloak seem to have ceased after this—for fear, I suppose, of his becoming too conceited. He is said to have died in peace, leaving Christianity prosperous on the shores of the Bend-ed Lake (as the Lake of Thun is called in these legends), and in all the neighboring country.

Will my kind reader endure any more absurdities? If so, I will tell him a history which is really believed by some of the people of the country.

The Blumelis Alp is an immense mass of snow-covered rock seen from the Lake of Thun. It derives its name from the punishment inflicted on it in consequence of the wickedness of a farmer who lived there once on a time; for it was not always buried in snow, but had green pastures and fertile meadows when in its natural state. He was so rich, that he made a staircase of cheeses to the mountain top. He lived there with his wife, his servant-maid, who seems to have been his chief ally, and his dog. His wife being a good woman, died in peace; but he, his maid, dog, and cow, are still believed to be imprisoned in the everlasting snow on the summit.

Yet a few stories of the people of Merlinghen, a village on the Lake of Thun, remarkable for the personal strength and mental weakness of its inhabitants.

They are said to have been guilty, one winter, of carrying the snow over in a boat to the other side of the lake;—and once, when they wanted to make a fire, to light a candle, they knew not how; and seeing one lighted at the other side of the lake, they went over in a boat with a stick, in order to set it on fire and bring it burning to light their candle.—Seeing some blades of grass on the roof of their church, they imagined it necessary to take up an ox to eat it away.—When the walnuts began to get ripe, and the skins to crack, they fancied they were thirsty, and opened their mouths for drink; so they bent the tree down with cords to the lake.

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The tree, however, was the strongest, "et emportait tous les pauvres gens en l'air."—Wanting to get rid of some weeds in their corn, they would not suffer any person to walk among it to pull them up, lest he should tread the wheat down; but they made four men carry one in a litter, in order to accomplish it without injury!

Whether they are improved now, and become *gens d'esprit*, I do not know; but one of them made the following reply to a stranger who went there, and asked whether there were as many silly people as ever there. "Oh oui; et il en arrive tous les jours dans le pays."

The ascent of the Faulhorn is the most interesting and most difficult excursion in the neighborhood of Interlachen. It is necessary to go to Grindelwald and sleep there, setting out early in the morning on horses or mules and carrying provisions. In passing through the valley, the guides point out the spot on which a single ray of the sun, on a particular day, shines after he has been sunk a long while beneath the mountains. The reason is, that there is a hole through the Eiger, behind which the ray passes, and consequently casts a momentary light on a particular place in the vale below.

The view soon becomes exquisite on a sunny day, when the sky is clear blue, and the glaciers glittering in light. You toil up a long ascent till you reach a small lake, in a little plain of fresh verdure, enamelled with all manner of fairy colors, occasioned by the beautiful flowers which the melted snow brings forth. It is surrounded with high, dark, and partly snow-covered walls of rock, which you must still ascend to reach the top—immensely steep and fatiguing to attain; but, when attained, the most magnificent and striking of imaginable views amply repays you: indeed, I think it is by far superior to any other in Switzerland. You stand on a point of ground, which behind you slopes steeply down, and before you is brok-

en off perfectly perpendicular; so that the eye plunges down a black precipice, and finds at the bottom a melancholy lake with one single habitation on its bank—the station, I believe, of a custom-house officer. Where the Lake of Brienz is visible beyond, you may see boats like little specks plying to and fro to the Giesbach—in the distance are the Rigi, the great and little Mythen overhanging the town of Schwitz, Mont Pilate, Zug, the Lakes of Neuchatel, Thun, and Lucerne, and the range of the Jura between France and Switzerland, with many a fair Swiss mountain, village, and river, inferior to these, and stretching out in a comparative plain. On turning, you behold vast masses of black rocks, covered in parts with bright verdure, irregularly shaped, and surmounted with a wreath of snow, whose border is cut into the most elegant peaks imaginable. Here the Blumelis Alp, Jung Frau, (with the brilliant Silberhorn,) Monch, Eiger, Viescherhorn, Finsteraarhorn, Schreckhorn, Berglistok, and Wetterhorn, raise their ancient heads in the clear blue ether, while the Schwarzhorn and Signal rock, which they tower above, most strongly contrast with their purity. It is impossible to describe one's feelings while beholding this unique spectacle. You are so completely in the heart of the Alpine regions, their secrets are so entirely laid open to your view, that you see at once the connection of every glacier and every mountain you have before visited separately, and only regarded in its isolated position, and are carried away by admiration of this unexpected and beautiful revelation of the whole, and the wonderful coincidence of such enormous and widely separated parts.

Spiritualized and excited by this intimate connexion with the harmony of Nature, you seem no longer to belong to the ordinary world, which is left so far behind that you expect the beasts must sink with fatigue, and yourself perish with hunger, ere you can again behold the habitations of

men; so entirely are they lost to view, and a new world opened, bright, splendid and immaterial as the visions of a poet's dream.

They live, those hoary beings—they understand your thoughts—they become the confidants of the most concealed sentiments of your soul, of every internal pang, of every unencouraged hope—imagination represents them answering, like the oracles of old, those ideas which have never yet passed your lips, and scarcely dared to present themselves in the deepest solitude to your mind. The delight and pain of such feelings can never be imagined by one who has not ex-

perienced them; and I do not think they could be borne, unless tears came to the relief of the too highly excited soul.

We descended a different way, in face of the majestic scene I have described, and dining in a valley inhabited by goats and cows, and one or two half-human beings, who chanted, while milking, the "*Ranz des Vaches*" in its simplest form, being merely a repetition of the word *kuh* (cow) in musical cadence, reached Grindelwald again by moonlight, with the scene so engraven on our hearts, that I do not think it can ever be dimmed or effaced.

### MY LANDLADY AND HER LODGERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "*THE AYRSHIRE LEGATEES*," "*ANNALS OF THE PARISH*," &c. &c.

#### CHAPTER I.

THE first time I had occasion to visit London was in the spring of 1804. I arrived in the York mail early on a fine May morning.

My journey had been uncomfortable. I had left home for the first time; I was about to engage in the warfare of business, and, partly arising from fatigue, and partly from the crisis of my circumstances, there was an altogetheriness of dissatisfaction with myself, "the world, and my hostel," the inn where I alighted.

Being weary, sleepy, and annoyed, when I got my luggage disembarked from the coach, I was shown, by request, to a bedchamber. It opened from one of the upper galleries of the quadrangle of the inn, and seemed to me, on entering, a strange and unsafe commonage, compared with the quiet propriety of my father's house. The floor was damp—the piece of carpet round the bed ragged—the curtains mean—and the aspect of the room and furniture gave no assurance of repose; nevertheless, I slept soundly, to which three days' hard journey specially invited.

It was eleven o'clock before I

awoke, but although refreshed, the noise in the yard, and the cataract-like sound in the streets, were yet not calculated to alleviate the feelings of distaste with which I had been affected on my arrival.

Having dressed myself, I descended to breakfast in the coffee-room. Here everything was still more disagreeable. The floor was coarsely sprinkled with sand, which grated beneath my tread—breakfast was slovenly served—the eggs were of course bad—and, by way of consolation, after I had tapped the end of the second batch, the waiter assured me that all bad eggs came from Scotland. Instead of the rural cream to which I had been accustomed, the milk was pale and lachrymal.

Before leaving home, I had been advised by some of my friends who had recently visited the metropolis, to take up my abode in one or other of certain genteelly frequented coffee-houses; but the manner in which I felt affected that morning, made me shudder at the idea of attempting to figure so openly on the stage of public life.

Having finished my breakfast, I



went in search of a sober street for apartments, in which, for eight or ten days before delivering my letters of introduction, I might have time to determine where my permanent domicile could be best established. Accordingly, I walked into Newgate Street. The crowd passing from the east and west induced me to pause. I thought that on the one side a popular preacher had surely but just dismissed his congregation, and on the other, that either a riot or a patriotic election had been dissolved.

I stepped into a shop until the streams should subside; but after waiting, and remarking upon the subject to the shopman, I was civilly informed that the commingling tides were daily customary, and would continue to flow until the business and diurnal vocations of men were ended by night.

This, the first fact which impressed me with a sensible notion of the magnitude of London, smote my heart, and admonished me of the helpless, the defenceless, and the powerless condition of a stranger in that great vortex of interests and passions.

I left the shop, elbowing my way to the westward, and though many bills on windows invited me to look at lodgings, I yet passed down Skinner Street, then just becoming habitable, up Holborn-Hill into Hatton-Garden, and the Lord knows by what other turnings and windings, as it then seemed to me, until I reached Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square.

It has often struck me since as curious, that I should have traversed so wide an extent of the dormitory of London, without discovering a haven. But when I recall to mind the circumstances which led me to pass from house to house, and from street to street, I can scarcely suppress a smile.

In Hatton-Garden, I was deterred from applying, at one house, because the door was newly painted, and the bill in the window, "Apartments to let," was wafered to the pane with three wafers of divers colors, and a slake of starch. It was impossible

that neatness could be within, or aught of the order and prepared decorum so essential to comfort and tranquillity.

In Theobald's Road I saw in a window a lodging bill seemingly of beautiful penmanship. It was inscribed on the glass, in elegant characters, simple, tasteful, and alluring. I entered—I inquired—I inhaled an odor, and returned hastily into the street, exclaiming, How deceitful are appearances! The inscription on the glass of the window was permanent; it was the *chef d'œuvre* of the apprentice, an embryo genius.

I have another memorable reminiscence of that morning's perambulation. In Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, possibly in London or Howland Streets, but certainly in one of the three, I saw the ordinary placard. I knocked at the door, and was answered by a Cinderella. I requested to look at the apartments; she showed me into the parlor. Soon after came a matron with a masque of rouge, a handsome shawl, and a dirty morning gown. She assured me that her house was of the most respectable order, but to the veracity of which assurance, the paint on her cheek gave a blushing denial. I forget in what way I contrived to bid her good-morning, without ascertaining the state of any of her apartments.

Columbus-like, steering still my course westward, I at last came to a neat house in Mortimer Street, next door to an upholsterer. In its appearance were symptoms of cleanliness and compactness. A vine spread up between the two parlor windows—the sashes were painted for the season—the door, too, had put on a new verdure. It was a house, indeed, which, for its size, indicated pretensions to more consideration than such a size would have seemed to justify. It was respectable rather than genteel, and yet it had about it an air of gentility; for, instead of gaudy-painted calico, suggesting atrocious imagery of cathedrals, or of abbeys, the lower part of the parlor windows was screened with

Venetian blinds. The knocker of the door was of a ponderosity that bespoke an expectation of guests not ashamed to demand entrance; and the bill in the window was written evidently by a female hand not practised in romantic literature.

I knocked at the door, and after a reasonable time it was opened by a loose-haired damsel of the north, who inquired my will and pleasure. I explained to her the quest upon which I had come, and, without reply, she showed me into a small back parlor, and retired. Soon after Mrs. Winsom, her mistress, came to me.

Mrs. Winsom was, properly speaking, rather beyond what might be called a matronly age. She was declined into the vale of years, and the style of her dress, without being old or obsolete, evinced that she herself possessed a distinct knowledge of her age. She appeared to be just in her right station, and yet her look betokened a degree of intelligence greater than her station required. As I have remarked, she was not decidedly aged, but her manner, her dress, her look and deportment, indicated that she classed herself among the old.

A single glance at her person and appearance persuaded me that in her house I should find a home; and accordingly, without reflecting on the silliness of the observation, I told her that I was come to take her lodgings.

"In which of the floors?" said she, calmly, with a Scottish accent, but yet not exactly in the tone of a Scottish landlady.

I was disconcerted by her question, and still more by her penetrating look. However, I mustered self-possession to reply:

"I have been in search all the morning of comfortable apartments, and I have seen no house I like so well as yours."

She made no answer for some time, but looked at me curiously, and then she asked, "What part of my house do you think you could afford to take?"

This discomposed me still more,

and I knew not wherefore. It seemed as if the question were impertinent, and yet there was an accent of kindness which changed the effect entirely, especially as she immediately subjoined, "I discern, young gentleman, ye're a stranger in London, and a novice in a certain sense to its delusions. But my parlor floor's a guinea a-week—my first floor two guineas—my second floor is a five-and-twenty shilling—and for the attics, I keep them for myself and Babby, that we may not be brought into tribulation with the lower order of lodgers, the like o' them that dwell in garret-rooms. As for the parlor floor, that is in occupation by a most discreet gentleman that has a concern in the Parliament frae Embro'—and the first floor—the drawing room, which is very handsomely furnished, is bespoken for a family expected in town. But the second floor, which is the most comfortable of the three, and has a chamber bell which rings in Babby's room, just behind my bed-head, is at your convenience."

Our negociation was soon concluded, and it was agreed that I should bring my luggage in the evening, and that Mrs. Winsom should have the room prepared for my reception, and a cake of Windsor soap, as suggested by herself, on the wash-hand stand, as I had not provided myself with such an indispensable.

We had some farther conversation on various topics, but it was chiefly on her side. She appeared to search as it were the objects of my visit to London. This inquest put me, I think, inordinately on my guard, and I replied to her drily, and, like all young Scotchmen, drew myself up into the full stature of all the consequence I could assume.

"I hope," said she, as I was leaving the house to return to the coach inn, "I hope you have not provided yourself in coming to London, like many other thoughtless young men, with new clothes?"

I assured her I had not. "Then," replied she, "you are, no doubt,

recommended to a fashionable tailor—what's his name?"

I gave her at once that of my ever since and present indulgent creditor, Mr. Stitches. "I thank you," said

Mrs. Winsom, "for its a rule with me to gang for a character rather to a young gentleman's tailor, than to his high friends and fine connexions."

## CHAPTER II.

After leaving Mrs. Winsom's house, I felt as if I had established a home, and, although I wandered in my way back to the coach-inn, it was without anxiety. I knew, when tired, I had only to go into the first coffee-house and order a coach. Such is the effect of having a local habitation. I have, however, discovered, that without the precaution of going into a coffee-house, a coach may be obtained by hailing in the street.

When I had thus, aimless and purposeless, spent three or four hours in a desultory transit from street to street, I found myself at last, about dinner-time, near Charing-cross. I knew not then the place, but I recollect well that it was there I first was sensible of the total insignificance of an individual in London. In passing from Pall-Mall down to Whitehall, I met a gentleman of a superior appearance, walking with a little red-nosed personage. It was the Prince of Wales and Colonel Macmahon. No one seemed to notice his Royal Highness except a young man of a mechanical appearance, with a paper-cap. He paused and pointed out the Prince to another, seemingly a country-lad, and I was amused at the astonishment with which the latter looked back on a phenomenon so ordinary and so familiar as His Royal Highness appeared to be.

I am not sure that any single incident ever gave me so much instruction as this one. It plucked from me the feathers of vanity, and taught me that in London a man was to be valued only for himself. I was disturbed by the discovery, for I had brought with me a whole mail of recommendatory letters—many of them were to the wise and high, the rich and the renowned. I paused, and for a moment

hesitated. I then said to myself, What claim have I upon the patronage of those? None. I will put my letters into the fire, and see what fortune has prepared for me, by luck or endeavor, in the circumstances into which I may be cast.

The savory steam of the Spring-garden coffee-house, at this juncture, invitingly addressed my olfactory nerves. I looked at the low, mean kitchen-like apertures from which the fume was ascending. I conjectured, by the dull, numerous windows of the coffee-house above, that appetite might be appeased there, so I went in and ordered dinner.

While it was preparing, I examined the features of the apartment. They did not seem much superior to the triste and gritty appliances of the coach-inn. They were neater, certainly, and, when the dinner was served, there was an unnecessary show of plate. It was manifest that I was in a different atmosphere from that of the neighborhood of Newgate-street. The other guests in the coffee-room were spruce and trim, talked loud, and spoke curiously, hereby showing themselves a different race indeed from the unshaven and coach-ridden travellers of the Bull and Mouth.

My first day's visit to London was, as may well be supposed, unsatisfactory. My accustomed habits were shaken. I was not taught that they had been wrong, but I was convinced that the world had no respect for individual feelings. I would have smiled at my own foolishness in attaching importance to the looks and bills of lodging-houses, but, somehow, it was impossible to divest myself of the persuasion, that in those things there were at once admonition and information. I was come into a sphere

over the movements of which I could have manifestly no control, and yet my thoughts occasionally reverted to the peculiarities and motherly manners of Mrs. Winsom, and in driving in the hackney-coach which took me to the inn in the evening to bring my luggage from thence to her house, I resolved, old woman as she was, to win from her some of the results of her experience; for, in the course of our interview, she had impressed me with a high idea of her discernment and prudence.

When I reached Mortimer-Street, Mrs. Winsom had gone out, but her handmaid, Babby, was in expectation of my arrival. The apartments were prepared, candles set, and the appearance of my sitting-room had an air of homeliness and comfort, in pleasant contrast to that strange combination of solitude and bustle which is at once the charm and annoyance of a coffee-house in London.

Babby made some thriftless excuse for the absence of her mistress, which perhaps would have passed unnoticed had she not said,

"Puir body, it's a pity she's sic a compassionate woman, for her hainings just gang like chaff before the wind amang them that hae been her lodgers, and hae but sma' claim or cause for a godsend frae her. Howsomever, it's no an ill faut that comes o' kindness, and I maun thole wi' her indiscretions, though she wiled me frae my parentage in the shire of Ayr, wi' the vision o' an inheritance—holding out to me, to say in the words o' the Presbytery, that, being her cousin, I was to be helper and successor. But gude kens where the succession will come frae if all's gien awa' and naething be retained for an honesty."

I did not very well understand this commentary, but I concluded that Mrs. Winsom was a good, kind-hearted body, and that something in the history of a previous lodger had drawn upon her charity.

This surmise, with the favorable impression of her appearance, led me

to think, when I retired for the night, that I had fallen into the chances of some adventure.

In the morning I found Babby busy in my sitting-room, preparing breakfast.

"Will you give my compliments to your mistress," said I, "and say I would be glad of her company to breakfast?"

"Na," replied Babby, "I would think shame to do the like o' that, for what would my mistress think o' a young gentleman inveeting her to his forlorn breakfast? She has ne'er done the like o' that."

But, notwithstanding Babby's protest, I again requested her to invite Mrs. Winsom. Some circumstance, however, unexplained at the time, prevented my invitation from being accepted, but in the evening, after having dined again in a coffee-house, when I returned home I found candles and the tea equipage set on my table, with two cups on the tray. Babby lighted the candles, and soon after her mistress came into the room.

"It would," said she, "have put me to an inconvenience to have troubled you with my society at breakfast, though it was at your own request; but I thought you might have a leisureliness at tea-time, for I jalouse you're of an inquisitive nature, and you have been thinking I could tell you something of the town. Now, sir, for that reason I have come of my own accord to drink my tea with you, though, on so scrimp an acquaintance, sic familiarity may no beget for me a great respect. But when we have few friends, we're fain of companions; and maybe I have an exemplar and a lesson to teach worth an inexperienced young man's attention. You hear that I'm a woman of your own country, but you know not what has made me to fix the pole of my tent in a foreign land."

By this time Babby had arranged the materiel of the tea, and Mrs. Winsom having, after blowing into the spout of the teapot, determined that all

was right and proper, proceeded to sip and chat, until from less to more she gave me the following sketch of her life.

CHAPTER III.

"My father," said Mrs. Winsom, "was an Antiburgher minister, with a narrow stipend, and a small family of eleven children, whereof only five came to the years of discretion, and I was the youngest of them. He was a worthy good man, and held in great respect by the minister of the establishment, Dr. Drumlie, whose wife was a perfect lady, and took upon her my education, which was the cause of its coming to pass that I grew into a superiority above the rest of my father's daughters.

"Being of a sedate and methodical turn, Mrs. Drumlie thought when I was grown up, that I would make an excellent housekeeper for her brother the Laird of Kirkland, whose ledgy was in a weakly way, and his house for that because in great need of red-ding. His servants were neglectful, and everything about him had fallen into a sort of decay and wastery. So, to make a long tale short, after writing letters and getting back answers, and talking a great deal of the good fortune that awaited me, I left my father's house, like Christian in the Pilgrim's Progress, with a burden on my back. I trow it was not, like his, a burden of sin, but what the folk in Scotland call 'gude hamert-made claes.'

"The house of Kirkland was an auncient building; some thought it was the work of the Peghts, but the Laird himself, a man of edificial knowledge, was of a different conceit, and maintained it was of the time of the Reformation.

"The lady of the house of Kirkland being, as I have said, an ailing woman and of a frail condition, was sitting when I was shown in to her in an easy chair, on the lee side of the dining-room fire. I saw that she was preinct and gentleel, and that if she had been in a state to herd her householdry, there

would have been nae need of the like of me.

"When she had judged of me by some questions, she bade me to sit down, and put me under a strict examine concerning what I knew; but I had been so well brought up by her sister-in-law, Mrs. Drumlie, that she was pleased to commend me as just such a young woman as she had long wanted. Thus it came to pass, that I espoused my fortune as housekeeper in the house of Kirkland; and verily it was a great charge, for the Laird had his fykes and was ill to please, being a sort of an astronomer, greatly addicted to big auld-fashioned books. His book-room was just a confusion. I made a trial on an occasion one morning to set it in order, but Oh! the whirlwind of passion that he was in when he saw what I had been doing! So I was debarred from that time frae putting my foot within the door of that chamber. As for the Leddy's sickliness, it had nae doubt helped to make her silly, and not being able, by reason of rheumatics in her legs, to go about the house, the ordering of her own room and the room she sate in was her day's darg. But though she was a thought malcontent, I must do her the justice to bear testimony, that if she was fashed with trifles, she yet could reward merit and eydencie.

"My time, notwithstanding the Laird's fykes and the Leddy's fashes, would have bowled away pleasantly enough, but to get the upper hand of the neglectful servants was not an easy task. However, what by parting with one and ruling with moderation the rest, before a year was done I had conquered the regency of the house, and it was spread far and wide that I had wrought a meeracle at Kirkland.

"My name being so spread, it was thought throughout the country side,

that I would make a wonderful wife ; and thus it came to pass in the course of nature, that Zachary Winsom, who was then butler at Guzzleton Castle, as Jenny sings in the sang, 'cam a-courting to me.'

"He had saved money, was held in great respect, and though rather too well stricken in years, he was yet a blythe and portly man, with a pleasant rosy look and powthered hair, and he had a jocose and taking way with him, so that, from less to more, after acquaintanceship had quickened into affection, we were married ; and a vacancy being at the time in Guzzleton, by the death of the house-keeper, Mrs. Pickles, I was translated into her capacity. But there was an unca difference between the household charge of my new situation, and the faculties o' my duty at Corncraiks. However, I gave satisfaction to the family, and when Sir Alexander died, which was in the third year of my servitude, he left a brave legacy to my husband, and leaving a legacy to him I was not forgotten, so we thought o' coming into Edinburgh, and taking up a house o' lodging for the genteeler order of Colleegeeners. But after a short trial, we soon saw that it was a trade would never answer ; the young gentlemen were often outstraplaes, which was a way of life and manner that did not accord with the orderliness of my habit and repute ; and, moreover, they had no reverence for Mr. Winsom, but made light of his weel-bred manners, and jeered at some o' his wee conceities ; for although he was a man o' a thousand, I'll no deny that he had his particularities. But they were innocent infirmities, and had won for him both civility and solid testimonies of favor from the gentlemen and friends of our late honored master. We, therefore, after due deliberation, made a resolve that we would give up our house in Edinburgh, and before entering on a new sphere of life, would take a jaunt to see the world.

"Accordingly, in the summer, when the college broke up, and our

lodgers had gone home to their fathers' houses, we packed up a trunk, and having gotten it on board a Berwick smack at the pier of Leith, we sailed for London, where, after a pleasing passage of four days, we were brought in good health, much the better of our voyage to this town, where Mr. Winsom having a cousin in a most prosperous way, living in Bury Street, St. James's, letting lodgings to government members of Parliament, and nabobs with the liver complaint from India, whereby he was making a power of money ; and making a power of money, it so fell out that Mr. Pickingwell (for that was the name of our cousin) invited us to stay with him and his wife, they having at the time a room unlet. Well, ye see, speaking with them of what we had come through with our lodgers, they gave us some insight how they managed with theirs ; and when we had been with them the better part of a week, seeing shows and other fairlies, me and Mr. Winsom had a secret consultation about settling ourselves in London, and setting up genteel dry lodgings like Mr. Pickingwell's. This led to a confabulatory discourse between the men, while I sounded Mrs. Pickingwell, who was just transported to hear of our project ; a thing, when I considered we were to be rivals, was very liberal, indeed, on her part.

"When the ice had been thus broken, it was agreed among us, that until we had got some experience in the way of management, we should set up for a doucer kind of lodgers ; and so it came to pass, that after looking about us for a house, we came by an accident to hear of this one, and having bought the lease, Mr. Winsom went to Scotland and brought our furniture, I staying in the meantime getting insight with Mrs. Pickingwell. And it was just extraordinar to see what a profit they had on their weekly bills. But it was not ordained for me and Mr. Winsom to fall into the way of such good fortune ; for, although this house is

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worth twa of the house that Mr. Pick-  
ingwell had, yet the folk that come  
here are for the most part of an eco-  
nomical nature, though I'll allow  
they're to the full as genteel, being  
in a certain sense men of stated in-  
comes of their own, but no sae free  
as those wha hae the handling of pub-  
lic money, or the rooking of Hindoo  
Rajays. But for all that, if our gains  
were less, we led a quieter life, and  
for the first three years we lived in  
the land of Caanaun, till one evening  
Mr. Winsom having the gout in his  
toe, felt it come into his stomach,  
whereby he was, before break of day,  
(though we had the best of doctors,) removed into Abraham's bosom, and  
left me a disconsolate and forlorn  
widow, in my seven-and-thirtieth  
year. Maybe I might have retired,  
for I'll no misca' the blessing by de-  
nying that I had a competency suffi-  
cient to have maintained me with de-  
corum among my friends in Scotland;  
but usage to the business, and the liking  
I had to see things in order, enticed  
me to remain where I was; and thus,  
from less to more, day by day, and  
year by year, I have come to the  
verge of age, seeing but small cause  
to repine at my portion in this world,  
when I compare the sober passage of  
my life with the haste and hurries  
that I have witnessed in the fortunes  
of many of my lodgers."

The old lady having finished her  
narrative, I could not but applaud the  
tranquil respectability in which she  
had spent her days; and her conclud-  
ing remark led me to say, that al-  
though her sphere had been narrow,  
it would yet seem that it had not been  
without interesting events. She ac-  
knowledgeed that this was the case,  
and added, that a lodging-house is "a  
wee kingdom, wi' different orders and  
degrees of inhabitants, all subject to  
many changes. Maybe had it been  
less so, I would have wearied and  
gone home to my friends; but when-  
ever I had a hankering o' that sort,  
something was sure to befall my

lodgers that led me to take a part in  
their concerns, and detained me here.  
No farther gone than the present  
spring, I had come to a resolve to  
dispose of my lease, and, for that  
purpose, I had the house newly done  
up and beautified; but before I could  
find a purchaser, a lady and a gentle-  
man took the first floor; and they  
were not long with me till I found  
myself fastened to them by the en-  
chantment of an unaccountable curi-  
osity,—not that there was anything  
remarkable in their manners, or that  
I had any cause to suspect their con-  
duct was wrong, but still there was a  
mystery about them; they were visit-  
ed by nobody, and the lady was often,  
when alone, seemingly in deep dis-  
tress. They remained with me about  
a month, and suddenly left the house.  
I could discover no cause to induce  
them to remove: but still their de-  
termination was so hastily adopted,  
that I could not but think some unex-  
pected and unforeseen event had  
wised them. In the course of a fort-  
night they came back, but the apart-  
ments were occupied, and I could not  
then receive them. Yesterday, a  
short time before you called, they  
came again, and, at the lady's request,  
I went to see her this morning in the  
lodgings where they now reside. I  
am still, however, as much in the  
dark as ever respecting them. It  
may be very true, as the gentlewoman  
says, that she prefers my house to  
that where they are at present accom-  
modated; but that throws no light on  
the cause of their abrupt departure,  
nor on the distress which she so care-  
fully conceals from her husband, if  
he be indeed her husband."

This incident, so casually mention-  
ed, induced me to express a desire to  
hear something of those lodgers who  
had on other occasions attracted her  
particular attention, and she promised  
to gratify me when I had a leisure  
half hour to hear her; for the night  
was by this time too far advanced for  
her to enter upon any new topic.\*

\* Chapter IV. &c. in the next and the following numbers.

## AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

BY MARY HOWITT.

THERE was an old and quiet man,  
And by the fire sate he,  
"And now," he said, "to you I'll tell  
A dismal thing, which once befell  
In a ship upon the sea.

'Tis five-and-fifty years gone by,  
Since, from the River Plate,  
A young man, in a home-bound ship,  
I sailed as second mate.

She was a trim, stout timbered ship,  
And built for stormy seas,  
A lovely thing on the wave was she,  
With her canvass set so gallantly  
Before a steady breeze.

For forty days like a winged thing  
She went before the gale,  
Nor all that time we slackened speed,  
Turned helm or altered sail.

She was a laden argosy  
Of wealth from the Spanish main,  
And the treasure-boards of a Portuguese  
Returning home again.

An old and silent man was he,  
And his face was yellow and lean ;  
In the golden lands of Mexico  
A miner he had been.

His body was wasted, bent and bowed,  
And amid his gold he lay—  
Amid iron chests that were bound with  
brass,  
And he watched them night and day.

No word he spoke to any on board,  
And his step was heavy and slow,  
And all men deemed that an evil life  
He had led in Mexico.

But list ye me :—on the lone high seas,  
As the ship went smoothly on,  
It chanced in the silent second watch,  
I sate on the deck alone ;  
And I heard from among those iron chests,  
A sound like a dying groan.

I started to my feet—and lo !  
The captain stood by me,  
And he bore a body in his arms,  
And dropped it in the sea.

I heard it drop into the sea,  
With a heavy splashing sound,  
And I saw the captain's bloody hands  
As he quickly turned him round ;  
And he drew in his breath when me he  
saw,  
Like one convulsed, whom the withering  
awe  
Of a spectre doth astound.

But I saw his white and palsied lips,  
And the stare of his ghastly eye,  
When he turned in hurried haste away,  
Yet he had no power to fly ;  
He was chained to the deck with his heavy  
guilt,  
And the blood that was not dry.

'Twas a cursed thing,' said I, 'to kill  
That old man in his sleep !  
And the plagues of the sea will come from  
him,  
Ten thousand fathoms deep !

And the plagues of the storm will follow us,  
For Heaven his groans hath heard !'  
Still the captain's eye was fixed on me,  
But he answered never a word.

And he slowly lifted his bloody hand  
His aching eyes to shade—  
But the blood that was wet did freeze his  
soul,  
And he shrank like one afraid.

And even then, that very hour,  
The wind dropped, and a spell  
Was on the ship, was on the sea,  
And we lay for weeks, how wearily,  
Where the old man's body fell.

I told no one within the ship  
That horrid deed of sin :  
For I saw the hand of God at work,  
And punishment begin.

And when they spoke of the murder'd  
man,  
And the El Dorado hoard,  
They all surmised he had walked in dreams,  
And had fallen overboard.

But I alone, and the murderer—  
That dreadful thing did know,  
How he lay in his sin, a murdered man,  
A thousand fathoms low.

And many days, and many more,  
Came on, and lagging sped,  
And the heavy waves of that sleeping sea  
Were dark, like molten lead.

And not a breeze came, east or west,  
And burning was the sky,  
And stifling was each breath we drew  
Of the air so hot and dry.

Oh me ! there was a smell of death  
Hung round us night and day ;  
And I dared not look in the sea below  
Where the old man's body lay.

In his cabin, alone, the captain kept,  
And he bolted fast the door,

And up and down the sailors walked,  
And wished that the calm was o'er.

The captain's son was on board with us,  
A fair child, seven years old,  
With a merry look that all men loved,  
And a spirit kind and bold.

I loved the child, and I took his hand  
And made him kneel and pray  
That the crime for which the calm was  
sent  
Might be purged clean away.

For I thought that God would hear his  
prayer,  
And set the vessel free ;—  
For a dreadful thing it was to lie  
Upon that charnel sea.

Yet I told him not wherefore he prayed,  
Nor why the calm was sent ;  
I would not give that knowledge dark  
To a soul so innocent.

At length I saw a little cloud  
Arise in that sky of flame,  
A little cloud—but it grew and grew,  
And blackened as it came.

And we saw the sea beneath its track  
Grow dark as the frowning sky,  
And water-spouts, with a rushing sound  
Like giants, passed us by.

And all around, 'twixt sky and sea,  
A hollow wind did blow ;  
And the waves were heaved from the  
ocean depths,  
And the ship rocked to and fro.

I knew it was that fierce death-calm  
Its horrid hold undoing,  
And I saw the plagues of wind and storm  
Their missioned work pursuing.

There was a yell in the gathering winds,  
A groan in the heaving sea,  
And the captain rushed from the hold be-  
low,  
But he durst not look on me :

He seized each rope with a madman's  
haste,  
And he set the helm to go,  
And every sail he crowded on  
As the furious winds did blow.

And away they went, like autumn leaves  
Before the tempest's rout,  
And the naked masts with a crash came  
down,  
And the wild ship tossed about.

The men to spars and splintered boards  
Clung till their strength was gone,  
And I saw them from their feeble hold  
Washed over, one by one.

And 'mid the creaking timber's din,  
And the roaring of the sea,  
I heard the dismal, drowning cries  
Of their last agony.

There was a curse in the wind that blew,  
A curse in the boiling wave ;  
And the captain knew that vengeance came  
From the old man's ocean grave.

And I heard him say, as he sate apart,  
In a hollow voice and low,  
'Tis a cry of blood doth follow us,  
And still doth plague us so !

And then those heavy iron chests  
With desperate strength took he,  
And ten of the strongest mariners  
Did cast them into the sea.

And out from the bottom of the sea  
There came a hollow groan ;—  
The captain by the gunwale stood,  
And he looked like icy stone—  
And he drew in his breath with a gasping sob,  
And a spasm of death came on.

And a furious boiling wave rose up,  
With a rushing, thundering roar,—  
I saw the captain fall to the deck,  
But I never saw him more.

Two days before, when the storm began,  
We were forty men and five,  
But ere the middle of that night  
There were but two alive.

The child and I, we were but two,  
And he clung to me in fear ;  
Oh ! it was pitiful to see  
That meek child in his misery,  
And his little prayers to hear !

At length, as if his prayers were heard,  
'Twas calmer, and anon  
The clear sun shone, and warm and low  
A steady wind from the west did blow,  
And drove us gently on.

And on we drove, and on we drove,  
That fair young child and I,  
But his heart was as a man's in strength,  
And he uttered not a cry.

There was no bread within the wreck,  
And water we had none,  
Yet he murmured not, and cheered me  
When my last hopes were gone ;  
But I saw him waste and waste away,  
And his rosy cheek grow wan.

Still on we drove, I knew not where,  
For many nights and days,  
We were too weak to raise a sail,  
Had there been one to raise.

Still on we went, as the west wind drove,  
On, on, o'er the pathless tide ;

And I lay in a sleep, 'twixt life and death,  
And the child was at my side.

And it chanced as we were drifting on,  
Amid the great South Sea,  
An English vessel passed us by  
That was sailing cheerily ;  
Unheard by me, that vessel hailed,  
And asked what we might be.

The young child at the cheer rose up,  
And gave an answering word,  
And they drew him from the drifting wreck  
As light as is a bird.

They took him gently in their arms,  
And put again to sea :—  
' Not yet ! not yet ! ' he feebly cried,  
' There was a man with me.'

Again unto the wreck they came,  
Where, like one dead, I lay,  
And a ship-boy small had strength enough  
To carry me away.

Oh, joy it was when sense returned  
That fair, warm ship to see,  
And to hear the child within his bed  
Speak pleasant words to me !

I thought at first that we had died,  
And all our pains were o'er,  
And in a blessed ship of heaven  
Were sailing to its shore.

But they were human forms that knelt  
Beside our bed to pray,  
And men, with hearts most merciful,  
Did watch us night and day.

'Twas a dismal tale I had to tell  
Of wreck and wild distress,  
But, even then, I told to none  
The captain's wickedness.

For I loved the boy, and I could not  
cloud  
His soul with a sense of shame :—  
'Twere an evil thing, thought I, to blast  
A sinless orphan's name !  
So he grew to be a man of wealth,  
And of honorable fame.

And in after years, when he had ships,  
I sailed with him the sea,  
And in all the sorrow of my life  
He was a son to me ;  
And God hath blessed him every where  
With a great prosperity."

#### DODDRIDGE'S CORRESPONDENCE.

THE following are two of the letters to which we referred in our last, and which we were obliged, for want of room, to defer. They exhibit a strange mode of interference with family and personal affairs. To Miss Jennings, the daughter, Mr. Doddridge writes :

" Dear Jennings,—You will probably be surprised, that in the midst of the familiarity of daily conversation I have recourse to the formality of a letter ; and still more, when you find it is to tell you seriously that there are some things in your behavior which I am so far from admiring, that I think it worth my while to spend half an hour on a Saturday morning to engage you, if I can, to reform them. To come directly to the point, there are some particular seasons, which have occurred oftener within this last month than in all the other fourteen I have been at Harborough, in which you seem to imagine that you have a dispensation to treat me just as you please, without any regard to the considerations not only of

friendship, but of common politeness ! I have not time to tell stories with pen and ink, and so will not enter into particulars ; besides, the instances are individually so trifling as not to deserve mention, though when ten or twenty occur in a day, they amount to something that cannot be seen without observation, nor borne without some resentment ; at least, where there is not a perfect indifference, which, by the way, they have a great tendency to produce. I appeal, my dear, to yourself, whether it be decent entirely to disregard many instances of kindness and respect, which though in themselves very little, are such as evince a mind disposed to please you ; whether even so very a trifle as a cup of tea, when offered with civility and good humor, ought not either to be received or refused with a smile or a nod. Or if an air of pettishness in the whole behavior be the most agreeable and equitable way of refusing those innocent freedoms which you know at the worst

are but the errors of excessive tenderness. After all, my dear, I own that these are but little faults; yet when they recur frequently, they throw a blemish upon a character that would be otherwise very agreeable. I have been something more surprised at such behavior to me, as I know that since I came into the family I have loved you most heartily, and treated you not only with constant civility, but with tender friendship. It is with pleasure that I have discovered any opportunity of serving or pleasing you. I have spoken of you with the most affectionate respect in your absence, and almost quarrelled with some of the wisest and best of my friends for charging you with that negligence and affectation of which I have now reminded you; and you yourself know, that when you have been disposed to quarrel and find fault, you could fix on nothing but an excess of fondness. Forgive me this wrong! And yet, on the other hand, I can never believe that you apprehend that I offer myself as a lover, and that it is therefore necessary to treat me with an air of coldness and scorn, that I may not take too much encouragement. I know not whether your late *complaisant* refusals were in jest or earnest; but of this I am sure, that if they were in jest, they had not so much wit or humor as to excuse their repetition thrice; and if they were in earnest, they were very unnecessary! However, to prevent such dreadful apprehensions, I do seriously assure you that I have at present no such thought; and I here give it you under my hand, that if I ever offer anything of that nature, I will proceed in form. I will acquaint mamma in the first place, and will never plead your indulgence to my friendship as any engagement upon you to accept my love. With this precaution, I think I may safely tell you that I do still esteem you beyond any other person in the world of *your age*; and do really think that when you are in a good humor, you are, without a compliment, one of the most agreeable creatures I

know. I must further do you the justice to acknowledge that you have frequently, perhaps I may say generally, treated me with an air of tender friendship, which to a man of my temper is engaging and endearing in a very uncommon degree; and I need not look back farther than yesterday to recollect some very agreeable instances. But, after all, my dear, I must add, that it is this mixture and uncertainty of temper and behavior that perplexes me more than anything else. There is an epigram in the *Spectator*, which, though not made upon your sex, so exactly expresses my sentiments, that I cannot forbear transcribing it, and would by all means advise you to let your memory imbibe it:

In all thy humors, whether grave or mellow,  
Thou'rt such a wayward, testy, pleasant fellow,  
Hast so much wit and mirth and spleen about thee,  
There's no existing with—nor e'en without thee.

Therefore, my dear, I have one favor to beg of you, and all that I have already said was only intended as its introduction; and that is, that you would reflect a little upon my character in general, and upon my behavior to you in particular, and then come to a resolution to treat me in a constant manner. Be always kind and obliging, or always negligent and rude; and though I cannot say it is a matter of indifference which you choose, yet I am persuaded I shall in either case be easier. If you can resolve upon the latter of these expedients, which yet methinks I am unwilling to suppose, my friendship is ended, but my civility will continue. I am not humble enough to make any fresh complaint either to yourself or your mother, nor spiteful enough to attempt to injure or tease you. Nay, I have so much regard to the friendship of your excellent mother, whom I know to be most tenderly concerned for your interest, as well as to the obligations of common humanity, that I will do my utmost to promote your improvement in religion and in other accomplish-

ments as far as may be in my power. But as to what you think of me, or the humor you are in with me, I shall be as utterly unconcerned as I am about honest Frank's being in the vapors, or the crying of Nanny Parsons when she is out of my hearing! But if, according to my firm expectation, you take this friendly admonition as kindly as I mean it; if you make it your future care to treat me with civility and good humor, and rather to bear with any tolerable infirmity than to quarrel when I have given you no affront; in one word, if you will treat me just as you did twelve months ago, bating the article of so many kisses, which I will willingly resign, I assure you, my dear, that nothing which may have past shall impair the sincerity of my tenderness and esteem."

To the mother of this girl, the young minister, at the same time, writes in this manner:—

"Dear Madam,—I have been seriously considering what you said to me yesterday upon the road. I am sensible that some things were entirely just; and though perhaps others were mistakes, yet I do believe that the whole was kindly intended, and I am sure that if it be not my own fault, I may be the better even for those reflections, which, so far as I know my own temper, and can recollect my former behavior, had not in fact any solid foundation. I then hinted that there were some things, even in your behavior, which might bear amendment; but I did not particularly mention them, because I was not fully master of my temper, and because whatever I said under the first smart of reproof would have looked like recrimination, which is so silly a method of defence that I should even then have been ashamed of it. And as I know that conversation on these delicate subjects is very seldom supported with decency and good humor on both sides, and sometimes on neither, I thought it would be the best way to give you my sentiments upon paper, and the rather because

what is written may be more accurately weighed and more cautiously grounded than it could be if it were spoken. It is with the most awkward air that I go about to point out the defects of a character that I admire, and of a person whom I love—I had almost said beyond any other in the world, I am sure equally with any one; but you yourself would readily tell me that you spoke to me so directly of my faults, not because you did not love me, but because you did, and because you desired to see me as perfect as possible. I further observe that I am not going to complain of your treatment of me; on the contrary, I think nothing can be more kind and obliging than the main course of it has generally been, especially since I have resided with you at Harborough, and hardly know that one friend of yours in the world, to whom I think you have behaved in a more engaging and agreeable manner. Nor would I intimate that these defects, whatever they are, do daily appear in your conversation; on the other hand, I have known whole weeks together in which they have lain dormant. These were weeks of perfection, and I think it so probable that that this may be one of them, that I take some time from my sleep to finish this grave despatch, lest, if it be delayed a few hours longer, the admonition should seem out of date, and I, in the transport of fond admiration, should forget that I have ever seen the least mixture of human infirmity. With all these precautions I will venture to add that I have seen the time when Mrs. Jennings herself, the philosophical and complaisant Mrs. Jennings, has made some very pettish and morose answers to things which to my certain knowledge have been said without any design of affronting her, and that merely because some other accident has put her out of humor. If you should maintain that you had some reason to be displeased with the person to whom you made such a speech (which, though unknown, was abundantly sufficient to justify the



change in your behavior, which you intimated yesterday morning), the answer is obvious ; a reason which is unknown to any one in the company is, to such a person, no reason at all ; and ill humor founded on such a reason will appear to him utterly irrational, and consequently is not likely to do him good, unless it be doing good to lessen his esteem for a person whom it is hardly possible to admire within moderate limits. I have further observed some perverse moments, in which you are so exceedingly prone to contradict those with whom you are at all displeased, though on the most trifling occasion, that you will in plain terms rather contradict yourself than fail of paying them that compliment ! When you are censuring the faults of those whom you most sincerely love, you are apt to treat them with too great severity, and sometimes with an air of contempt, which leaves a sting behind it for a considerable time. To show people that you are displeased with them, may be prudent, for it is your happiness to see many very agreeable persons, who have no manner of dependence upon you, hurt, merely by your saying that you are displeased ; but to show them, in any instance, that you despise them, is carrying the matter to an outrageous extremity, and may probably throw them into such despair as may prevent their taking proper measures for their amendment. What you said to dear Kitty about my offers of matrimony was a most grating instance of this, and not to be remembered without something of indignation, even while my heart is overflowing, as it now is, with the tenderest sentiments of friendship towards you. It was to a surprising degree hasty, and terribly spiteful and unjust, and the very recollection of it makes the veins of my forehead swell so high that I resolve never to trust myself to mention it again ; and I should be much happier if I could engage never to think of it. The last thing, madam, which I have to mention is, that you seem so prejudiced in favor of your own notions,

that it is one of the most difficult things in the world to fix a conviction upon you, or to procure an acknowledgment that you have been mistaken ; nor do you seem to take it very kindly when people interest themselves in your affairs so far as to intimate that they think you have in any instance been to blame. I heartily wish that this letter may not furnish a new proof of the justice of these suggestions ! If it should, I beg that you will reflect upon your rising displeasure ; for in short, madam, I will not enter into a dispute with you. If I were, I do verily believe that the subtilty and acuteness of your wit would puzzle me upon many of these heads, although it would be a poor excuse. Rather, madam, be persuaded to look into your own heart, as one that would impartially examine, and by the amendment of an error triumph over herself ; and to make you the more suspicious and impartial in the examination, I would further remark, that these are not merely my own desultory reflections (which, with the opinion you have of my incapacity of judging people's characters, you might perhaps despise), but that several persons whom you acknowledge to have a great deal of good sense, and who most intimately know you, and most sincerely love you, are entirely of my opinion as to every one of these matters, and have themselves pointed out many instances which the excessive fondness of my friendship might otherwise have overlooked. However, I hope, madam, that whatever you may think of the justice of this censure, you will have no inclination to doubt its kindness. It would be an injury to your good sense to question whether you had seen that, in the midst of all other failings and mistakes I have been chargeable with in respect to others, I have always treated Mrs. Jennings with the tenderness of a brother and the respect of a son ; or, if in any degree I have failed in what I thought the most exact decorum, that it has been owing to an uncommon degree

of esteem which, in conjunction with the natural warmth of my temper, has made every instance of unkindness or slight from her not only grievous, but intolerable. My entire affection for you is above being expressed by any of those little compliments which in the sincerity of my heart I address to others. Let it suffice to say, that I acknowledge your society and friend-

ship as one of the greatest comforts of my life, and that everything that is mine is as entirely at your service as if it were your own; and that everything that is yours is as dear to me as if it were mine. You are the only person in the world to whom I write 'dearest madam,' and when I have written that—I need write no more."

### THE PROGRESS OF INTEMPERANCE.

A PERSON who has suffered severely from his passion for liquor, thus feelingly describes the progress and effects of that destructive vice.

"I was once a respectable man. I can very well remember the first step which led me to what I am now. I was decoyed into a tavern, and there, first, when I was at the tender age of fifteen, with intellectual promise as fair as ever made a parent's heart bound with joy, my friend, who was the most detested enemy I ever had, though 'but dust' now, handed me the cup. I remember the light and joyous sensation which bounded through my brain. I felt a delicious delirium, was pleased with everybody around me, and felt brave enough to march to the cannon's mouth. All this, however, passed off with the first sleep, and would never have been thought of again, but for the dreadful fact that then and there I got a *taste* of that Circean cup which has all but poisoned me to death, and will soon finish me. That was the first in a series of steps *downward*. I went home every night with high ideas, and when in the morning I arose, it soon became necessary, after a kind of waking, giddy doze through the forenoon, to go to the side-board. This alarmed my mother and sisters. They thought it strange, and remonstrated; but I despised the idea of being a tippler, and was angry because they expressed their fears, after they had seen me do it a few times, that I would form the *habit of drinking*.

"Had I been just to those fears

then, I should not be what I am now. Let the young man who is just acquiring the *taste*, not disregard these gentle admonitions. They are the suggestions of guardian angels, which, if obeyed, will open to him the path of peace, health, contentment, and honor. If disobeyed, he is destined to trouble, discontent, disgrace, sickness, and death. I could go now and call for my glass, *treat* and be *treated*. It was *gentlemanly*, and why should not I be a *gentleman*? I was getting up in life, and must be able to master a glass of brandy, gin, or whatever the fashionable drink was. When at length I began to be somewhat alarmed at this surprising progress in dissipation, I resolved to abstain for a limited period. Then my ambition would kindle up, for I wished ardently to be a great man. I studied earnestly for a time the science of law and politics; but, when the allotted period expired, forward I would rush again into the channel, like a current that, having been dammed up, breaks over the frail barriers with fresh impetuosity.

"I got married,—for woman, affectionate woman, will not hear of faults in him she loves. 'He will soon reform. He loves me too well to make me unhappy. He knows I shall not like it. He promises to abstain.'—Ah, deceived woman! Love may be stronger than death, but the power of the cup is stronger than both. What! a drinking man, a man that can drink five glasses of brandy a day with

pleasure, is not far from that point when he will sacrifice health, wealth, pride, patriotism, reputation, *love*, life, everything, for that damnable thirst. I loved my wife as much as man could; I was as sensitive to honor and reputation as any; but I tell you, I could, when the habit of drinking was thoroughly formed, (which was before I was aware,) have sacrificed anything. I have often come home, and found my wife weeping in silence, a silence that at first used to gore my soul, but liquor soon hardened anything that looked like tenderness. She has told me the children wanted clothes, but 'Curse the children,' said I, 'I want my drink, and I'll have it.' One night I stayed until two o'clock at the tavern, playing cards, and who should come in, at that dread hour of the night, but my wife, with her infant in her arms! This is a fact. My God! If my blood did not run cold, and curdle at my heart! 'Is this woman? is this my wife?' I exclaimed. Never before did I realize the full power of female virtue. My profane companions and myself were perfectly abashed. I cursed her, and told her, with severe threats, to go home. 'No, that I will not,' said she, rising in the dignity of injured innocence, though with a trepidation that shook her whole frame like an aspen, and holding her trembling infant out to me: 'This is your child, and I will not stir one step from this spot, till you take it, and go home with me.' She then

turned to my companions, and upbraided them as my destroyers, in a strain of invective that made them cower like so many discovered and disarmed assassins before the messenger of retributive justice. We separated, ashamed of each other and our deeds of darkness, and almost sobered by this strange and astounding apparition. I obeyed implicitly; for nothing makes a man more mean-spirited than the habit of drinking. We went home, and retired to rest; but waking up in the night with a horrible thirst, I tottered to the bottle, and drank; went to sleep again; slept till ten o'clock; and, when I awoke, felt dizzy and bewildered, wretched and hopeless! And so my days are passing! Give up the practice, I will not. I cannot live without it. I have now no character to lose, no mind to study, no business to employ me, no ambition to inspire, no love, excepting for brandy, gin, whiskey, rum—anything which will supply, while it continually inflames more and more this dreadful thirst. Having sacrificed all that is worth having here, it matters little what I do. I would cross a mine that has a kindled match applied to it. I would march before an exploding cannon to get at the bottle; I would sacrifice my soul for it! And all this is the result of one fatal *taste*! This is the end of the *social glass*!"

Such is the melancholy tale of one who has drawn a picture, to which, alas! there are but too many originals.

## A THOUGHT OF THE FUTURE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

DREAMER! and wouldst thou know  
If Love goes with us to the viewless bourne?  
Wouldst thou bear hence th' unfathom'd source of woe  
In thy heart's lonely urn?

What hath it been to thee,  
That Power, the dweller of thy secret breast?  
A Dove sent forth across a stormy sea,  
Finding no place of rest:

A precious odor cast  
On a wild stream, that recklessly swept by;  
A voice of music utter'd to the blast,  
And winning no reply.

Even were such answer thine,  
Wouldst thou be blest?—too sleepless, too profound,  
Are thy soul's hidden springs; there is no line  
Their depth of Love to sound.

Do not words faint and fail,  
When thou wouldst fill them with that ocean's power?  
As thine own cheek before high thoughts grows pale  
In some o'erwhelming hour?

Doth not thy frail form sink  
Beneath the chain that binds thee to one spot,  
When thy heart strives, held down by many a link,  
Where thy beloved are not?

Is not thy very soul  
Off in the gush of powerless blessing shed,  
Till a vain tenderness, beyond control,  
Bows down thy weary head?

And wouldst thou bear all *this*,  
The burden and the shadow of thy life,  
To trouble the blue skies of cloudless bliss,  
With earthly feeling's strife?

Not thus, not thus—oh no!  
Not veil'd and mantled with dim clouds of care,  
That spirit of my soul should with me go,  
To breathe celestial air:

But as the sky-lark springs  
To its own sphere, where night afar is driven,  
As to its place the flower-seed findeth wings,  
So must Love mount to Heaven!

Vainly it shall not strive  
There on weak words to pour a stream of fire;  
Thought unto thought shall kindling impulse give,  
As light might wake a lyre.

And oh! its blessing *there*  
Shower'd like rich balsam forth on some dear head,  
Powerless no more, a gift shall surely bear,  
A joy of sunlight shed!

Let me then, let me dream  
That Love goes with us to the shore unknown;  
So o'er its burning tears a heavenly gleam  
In mercy shall be thrown!

## ON LIBERTY.

"I don't hate the world, but I laugh at it; for none but fools can be in earnest about a trifle."

So says Gay of the world, in one of his letters to Swift, and we have adapted the quotation to our idea of Liberty. True it is that Addison apostrophizes liberty as a

"Goddess, heavenly bright!"

but we hope our laughter will not be considered as indecorous or profane. Our great essayist has exalted her

into a Deity, and invested her with a mythological charm, which makes us doubt her existence; so that to laugh at her can be no more irreverend than to sneer at the belief in apparitions, a joke which is very generally enjoyed in these good days of spick-and-span philosophy. Whether Liberty ever existed or not, is to us a matter of little import, since it is certain that

she belongs to the grand hoax which is the whole scheme of life. The extension of liberty into concerns of every-day life is therefore reasonable enough, and to prove that we are happy in possessing this ideal blessing, seems to have been the aim of all who have written on the subject. One, however, if we remember right, sets the matter in a grave light, when he says to man—

“ Since thy original lapse, true liberty  
Is lost.”

He who loves to scatter crumbs of comfort in these starving times, will not despair at this sublime truth, but will seek to cherish the love of liberty, or the consolation for the loss of it, wherever he goes.

The reader need not be told that we are friends to the spread of liberty: indeed, we think she may “ triumph over time, clip his wings, pare his nails, file his teeth, turn back his hour-glass, blunt his scythe, and draw the hob-nails out of his shoes;” but to show how this may be done, we must run over a few varieties of liberty for the benefit of such as do not enjoy the inestimable blessings of being *free and easy*: we quote these words, vulgar as they are; for, of all words in our vernacular tongue, to express comfort and security from ill, commend us to the expletive of *free and easy*. We had rather not meddle with civil or religious liberty: they are as combustible as the Cotopaxi, or the new governments, of South America; and our attempts at reformation do not extend beyond paper and print, which the unamused reader may burn or not, as he pleases, without searing his own conscience or exciting our revenge. To be sure, a few of our examples may border on civil liberty; but we shall not seek to find parallels for the Ptolemaian cages, or the Tower of Famine, in our times; neither shall we feast upon the horrors of the French Revolution, nor the last polite reception of the Russians by headless Turks; notwithstanding all these examples would bear us out in

our idea of the love of liberty, and the evils of the loss of it.

Kings often want liberty, even amidst the multitude of their luxuries. They are not unfrequently the veriest slaves at court, and liege and loyal as we are, we seldom hear of a king eating, drinking, and sleeping, as other people do, without envying him so happy an interval from the cares of state, and the painted pomp of palaces. This it is that makes the domestic habits of kings so interesting to every one; and many a time have we crossed field after field to catch a glimpse of royalty in a plain green chariot on the Brighton road, when we would not have put our heads out of the window to see a procession to the House of Lords. Some kings have even gone so far in their love of plain life, as to drop the king, which is a very pleasant sort of unkingship. Frederick the Great, at one of his literary entertainments, adopted this plan to promote free conversation, when he reminded the circle that there was no monarch present, and that every one might think aloud. The conversation soon turned upon the faults of different governments and rulers, and general censures were passing from mouth to mouth pretty freely, when Frederick suddenly stayed the topic, by saying, “ Peace, peace, gentlemen, have a care, the king is coming; it may be as well if he does not hear you, lest he should be obliged to be still worse than you.” Our Second Charles was very fond of liberty, and of dropping the king, or as some writers say, he never took the office up: this was for another purpose, in times when

“ License they mean when they cry liberty.”

Voluntarily parting with one's liberty is, however, very different from having it taken from us, as in the anecdote of the citizen who never having been out of his native place during his lifetime, was, for some offence, sentenced to stay within the walls a whole year; when he died of grief not long afterwards.

State imprisonment is like a set of

silken fetters for kings and other great people. Thus, almost all our palaces have been used as prisons, according to the caprice of the monarch, or the violence of the uppermost faction. Shakspeare, in his historical plays, gives us many pictures of royal and noble suffering from the loss of liberty. One of the later, with a beautiful antidote, is the address of Gaunt to Bolingbroke, after his banishment by Richard II. :—

“ All places that the eye of heaven visits,  
Are to a wise man ports, and happy havens :  
Teach thy necessity to reason thus :  
There is no virtue like necessity.  
Think not, the king did banish thee :  
But thou the king : woe doth heavier sit,  
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.  
Go, say—I sent thee forth to purchase honor,  
And not—the king exiled thee : or suppose,  
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,  
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.  
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it  
To lie that way thou go’st, not whence thou  
comest :  
Suppose the singing birds musicians ;  
The grass whereon thou tread’st, the presence  
strew’d ;  
The flowers, fair ladies ; and thy steps, no more  
Than a delightful measure, or a dance :  
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite  
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.”

Even Napoleon, whose wounds were almost green at his death, sought to chase away the recollections of his ill-starred splendor, by rides and walks in the island, and conversation with his suite in his garden ; and Louis XVIII. after his restoration to the throne of France, passed few such happy days as those of his exile at Hartwell, which though only a pleasant seat, had more comfort than the gilded saloons of Versailles, or the hurly-burly of the Tuilleries, with treason hatching in the street beneath the windows, and revolution scenting the very atmosphere of the court. Shakspeare might well call a crown a

“ Polished perturbation ! golden care !”

and add—

“ O majesty !

When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit  
Like a rich armor worn in heat of day,  
That scalds with safety.”

Goldsmith has somewhat sarcastically lamented that the appetites of the rich do not increase with their wealth :

in like manner, it would be a grievous thing could liberty be monopolized or scraped into heaps like wealth ; a petty tyrant may persecute and imprison thousands, but he cannot thereby add one hour or inch to his own liberty.

Another and a very common loss of liberty is by pleasure and the love of fame, especially by the slaves of fashion and the lovers of great place ;

“ Whose lives are others’ , not their own.”

Pleasure, for the most part, consists in fits of anticipation ; since, the extra liberty or license of a debauch must be repaid by the iron fetters of headach, and the heavy hand of *ennui* on the following day. Even the purblind puppy of fashion will tell you, if you make free with your constitution you must suffer for it ; and this by a species of slavery. To dance attendance upon a great man for a small appointment, and to *boo* your way through the world, belongs to the worst of servitude. Congreve compares a levee at a great man’s to a list of duns ; and Shenstone still more ill-naturedly says, “ a courtier’s dependant is a beggar’s dog.”

Making free, or taking liberties, with your fortune, brings about the slavery, if not the sin, of poverty ; and to take a liberty with the wealth of another is about as sure a road to slavery as picking pockets is to house-breaking. Debt is another of those odious badges which mark a man as a slave, and let him but go on to recovery that, like a snake in the sunshine, he may be the more effectually scotched and secured. Gay says to Swift, “ I hate to be in debt ; for I can’t bear to pawn five pounds worth of my liberty to a tailor or a butcher. I grant you this is not having the true spirit of modern nobility ; but it is hard to cure the prejudice of education ;” and every man will own that a greater slave-master is not to be found at Cape Coast than the law’s follower, who says, “ I ’rest you,” and then “ brings you to all manner of unrest.” One of these fellows is even greater than the sultan of an African tribe in



all his glory ; though he neither bears the insignia of rank nor power—none of the little finery which wins allegiance and honor—yet he constrains you “by virtue,” and brings about a compromise and temporary cessation of your liberty.

Taking liberties with the pockets or tables of one's relations and friends is, at best, but a dangerous experiment. It cannot last long before they beg to be excused the liberty, &c., and like the countryman with the golden goose, you get a cold, fireless parlor, or a colder hall reception for your importunity ; and, perchance, the silver ore being all gone, you must put up with the French plate. One of the most equivocal, if not dangerous, forms of correspondence, is that beginning with “I take the liberty ;” for it either portends some well tried “sufferer,” as Lord Foppington calls him ; a pressing call from a fundless charity ; or at best but a note from an advertising tailor, to tell you that for several years past you have been paying fifty per cent. too high a price for your clothes ; but, like most good news, this comes upon crutches, and the loss is past redemption.

What is called the liberty of the subject we must leave for a dull bar-

rist to explain : in the meantime, if any reader be impatient for the definition, a night's billeting in a watch-house will initiate him into its blessings ; he is not so dull as to require to be told how to get there. The liberty of the press is another ticklish subject to handle—like a hedgehog—all points. But we may be allowed to quote, as one of the most harmless specimens of the liberty of the press, the production of our own MAGAZINE, as we always acknowledge the liberty by reference to the source whence our borrowed wealth is taken. This is giving credit in one way, and taking credit for our own honesty.

Liberty-boys and brawlers would be new acquaintance for us. We are not old enough to remember “Wilkes and 45 ;” the cap of liberty is now seldom introduced into our national arms, and this and all such emblems are fast fading away. People who used to spout forth Cowper's line and a half on liberty, have given up the profession, and all men are at liberty to think as they please. Still ours is neither the golden nor the silver age of liberty : it is more like paper and platina liberty, things which have the weight and semblance without their value.

# STANZAS.

BY M. A. BROWNE.

“Ye mock the mourner's heart when ye tell  
Of aught save the home where it pines to dwell.”—PICKEN.

Nay, let me stay in my native home,  
The home where I was born ;  
Bid from its channel the streamlet roam,  
Ere I from my rest am torn.  
Tell me not of the glittering sea,  
And the wild romantic view ;  
They would have no charms for me—  
My heart could not take their hue.

I wish not to gaze on forests vast,  
And on the beetling rocks—  
A freshness, a glory is over them cast,  
That my wither'd bosom mocks.  
Deceitful the thought ! that new scenes  
will restore  
Light to my sunken eye ;  
The visions of memory cloud it o'er—  
It wants but vacancy.

30 ATHENEUM, VOL. 3, 3d series.

It is not in the power of sun or air  
Health to my cheek to impart ;  
My life is darkened by clouds of care,  
The root of decay is my heart :  
And let me stay and perish on  
In mine own dear native bower ;  
Pluck not from the stem where first it  
shone  
The broken, withering flower.

No, no—it is not change of scene  
That will work a change in me—  
Give me back the hours that once have been  
In more than memory.  
Give me the sunshine of each sweet smile  
That lighted my spirit then ;  
And perhaps my cheek ye may beguile  
To blossom and blush again.

## IMPROVEMENTS IN STEAM MACHINERY.

## No. I.

WE hope that we shall be rendering an essential public service by bringing under review the improvements in the application of steam as a primary impetus to machinery, and, more especially, locomotive machines for sea and land, in a short series of articles. In undertaking this task, we are not only impressed, in common with every other individual who has thought upon the subject, with its importance, but we are equally impressed with the difficulties that surround it, by reason of the enthusiasm with which new inventions are regarded by those who are interested in their success; and a principal duty, at the commencement of this undertaking, was to check the sanguine temperament, as far as we were concerned, of some very ingenious men, and determine to see only with our own eyes. The objects to attend to at present in steam improvements are, the steam carriage, the steam paddles for vessels, the steam gun, and the steam engine. It was our intention to have commenced our remarks with the carriage, but the experiments that were lately made at Liverpool upon that interesting piece of machinery, and our absence from London in consequence of them, have induced us to delay that part of the series until a future number; because we could not do justice in the present to that department of steam improvement, which is probably occupying a larger share of public attention than any other. Under these circumstances we shall begin with the paddle-wheel of Mr. Perkins; whom, as we have always deemed, from the period of his successful controversy respecting the compression of water, immediately on his landing from America, some ten years since, the most ingenious engineer in the country, endowed with uncommon natural talents; so have we been more guarded in our inquiries, and more determined to examine minutely every detail of his inventions,

than even in other cases, because we have ever found extraordinary ingenuity and extravagant enthusiasm twin brothers; and as far as we have seen of Mr. Perkins, he in no degree belies our former experience upon this point. However that may be, we will proceed to give a description of his paddle-wheel, and the experiments tried with it.

From the earliest period of the application of steam to the purposes of navigation, the paddle-wheel has incessantly occupied the attention of mechanics. Innumerable patents had been obtained for inventions to propel steam-vessels, none of which, so far as our experience goes, have been found to answer; and men of science, in the department of mechanics, began almost to despair of finding any substitute for the old common paddle-wheel, which, as compared with the inventions we have referred to, was found to be more generally efficient, economical, and durable, notwithstanding its great waste of power. When the dip of the common wheel is not more than one-tenth of its diameter, the waste of power is commonly supposed to be inconsiderable; but when it exceeds that proportion, the loss of power then takes place in geometrical progression, because, if the wheel be immersed to half its diameter, the strain on the engine becomes so great as to leave very little of its power available to the purpose of propelling the wheel. Steam-vessels employed at sea, from their liability to meet with storms, and the constant irregularity of the surface they are passing over, are more exposed to this inconvenience than vessels navigating rivers where the dip of the wheel can be regulated. One of the great objections to the common paddle is, that, when at the lowest dip, it moves in water that has previously been disturbed, and consequently, after it has passed the lowest dip, it cannot assist

the progress of the vessel, as it would do if in operation in calm water. Mr. Oldham, of Dublin, an individual distinguished in mechanics, has endeavored to remove some of the difficulties attendant upon the common paddle-wheel; and in conjunction with many other persons, eminent for their mechanical knowledge, has taken great trouble, and gone to a considerable outlay of money. Mr. Oldham invented a wheel, the paddles of which should enter the water edgewise, and by certain machinery attached to them, gradually change their position, until, upon their reaching, in succession, the lowest extremity of the wheel's rotation, they present a face at right angles with the keel, and then, by degrees, revolving again, quit the water edgewise. To this ingenious invention, however, there were found to be many objections. It was more complex in its operation; it increased the friction; it soon got out of order; and its first cost and its weight were considerably greater than those of the old paddle-wheel. The desideratum, in a paddle-wheel is to combine a cheap first cost, freedom from intricate operations, lightness and durability, with power. If, with the first-noticed necessary qualifications, a wheel can be invented to work freely at a dip of one-third at all times, and upon extraordinary occasions, of one-half its diameter, without requiring an increase of steam power beyond that of the common wheel, when acting in water with a calm surface, a most important point in steam navigation has been gained, and an antidote can be applied to the heavy loss in steam vessels traversing the sea. According to our present impression, such a wheel Mr. Perkins has produced. The interesting application of steam power to the purposes of navigation, is making rapid strides in the progress of improvement. Neither weight nor bulk of the engine, nor the expense, have proved obstructions to the use of steam for certain purposes of navigation; and for propelling packet-vessels, it is decidedly preferred to the precarious and ever-

varying wind. Its application to maritime purposes generally is with some still a matter of doubt: we confess that it is not so with us; though to predict when the period of its universal adoption will arrive, is neither within our province nor our power. Experiments made with the common wheel, and that recently invented by Mr. Perkins, have shown, that even at a shallow dip, the best adapted for the former, there is a very important loss, as compared with Perkins's paddle; but when the wheels are both immersed to one-third of their diameter (an average dip for vessels navigating the sea), the advantage attending the new invention is very obvious. The experiments made in our presence were as follows:—A boat was propelled by a weight falling a certain distance, attached to a line turning an endless band, running over a pulley fixed on a shaft connecting the paddle-wheels. Two sets of wheels, one on Perkins's, and the other on the old principle, were successively put in the boat. The two sets of wheels were of the same weight; and the boat moved round a basin of water, measuring within 36 feet.

New paddles, first experiment, 15 $\frac{3}{4}$  rotations, 567 feet, in 8.16.—Second experiment, 15 rotations, 540 feet, in 8.26.—Making 30 $\frac{3}{4}$  rotations, 1107 feet, in 16.41.

Old paddles, first experiment, 6 rotations, 216 feet, in 3.40.—Second experiment, 5 $\frac{3}{4}$  rotations, 207 feet, in 3.40.—Making 11 $\frac{3}{4}$  rotations, 423 feet, in 7.20.

In these experiments, the weight supplied the force of steam. They show that the same quantity of steam that will propel Perkins's paddles 1107 feet in 16.41, will only propel the common paddles 423 feet in 7.20. Fuel, by the new invention, will be saved in the proportion of 3 in 5; 211 $\frac{1}{2}$  being the half of 423, and 211 and a fraction being the fifth of 1107. In addition to the saving in fuel, an increased speed will be produced by the new invention, according to these experiments, of about 15 per cent. or

a gaining of time of nine minutes in an hour; for what 16.41 is to 1107 feet, 7.20 is to 486 feet; consequently, there is an advantage of 63 feet on 423. Experience has taught us (for the most satisfactory evidence has proved the fact, both in this country and in America) that the loss of power with the common wheel is very great; more than is believed. Experiments have been made, which show that a single horse, in a towing-path, can do as much as a six-horse engine in a boat. The operation of a twenty-five horse power engine may be neutralised by two horses fastened to the hawser of a boat.

In this number we have not the opportunity of doing justice even to the first object of our attention in steam improvements. To that, and to all the others, we shall successively return, lamenting that at present we can only thus shortly enter upon this important and highly interesting subject with a view to a general discussion of it, which may ultimately become a point of permanent reference, commencing, as it does, at an epoch when steam has assumed a degree of consequence from which may emanate results of the highest influence upon commercial and political affairs.

### EVENING TIME.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

At evening time let there be light:

Life's little day draws near its close;

Around me fall the shades of night,

The night of death, the grave's repose:

To crown my joys, to end my woes,  
At evening time let there be light!

At evening time let there be light:

Stormy and dark hath been my day;

Yet rose the morn divinely bright,

Dews, birds, and blossoms, cheer'd the way:

O for one sweet, one parting ray!—

At evening time let there be light!

At evening time there *shall* be light:

For God hath spoken;—it must be:

Fear, Doubt, and Anguish, take their flight,

His glory now is risen on me;

Mine eyes shall his salvation see:

—'Tis evening time, and there *is* light!

### MOUNT VESUVIUS IN 1829.

I ARRIVED at Naples at the end of May this year, most anxious as to the state of the mountain; but the ascent was for a long time prevented by the persevering sirocco which daily brought rain, or at least clothed the summit of the mountain in mist. At last we enjoyed a fine June day, and set off under the sultry heat of a summer noon at Naples.

The rogues of Resina, as usual, laid a forcible embargo on our persons, and demanded most exorbitant prices for their asses. Resolved not to give a grain more than what I had paid on former occasions, we set out on foot rather than give way to the extortionate rabble. I shall not describe our journey up the mountain;

every one knows the labor of arriving at the mouth of the crater through the loose and sliding footing afforded by the cinders that cover the cone. By four o'clock we were on the top; and, although the sirocco's mist imparted the grey of a northern region to the mountains, sea, and islands, which form the view from the summit, and sometimes prevented our seeing more than a few paces before us, yet my companions were delighted at beholding the yellow masses projected upwards in the midst of dense smoke, and the vast streams of flame which occasionally rushed towards the sky from the great opening. Within the crater, the smaller cone of cinders, forty or fifty feet in height, had open-

ed in two places, and from both these mouths vomited forth fire and lava, remittingly during certain periods, during others for a long time together uninterruptedly. On the day of our visit it vomited incessantly, only with more or less violence, and at times with a horrible roaring, and with such force that the column of fire reached the rock which forms the edge of the crater, while the clouds of smoke rushing and whirling with immense rapidity, now rolling upwards, expanded through the air, and now driven downwards by the wind, filled the whole crater. Heated stones also flew forth, alighting as they descended on the sides of the cone, covering it to the very foot with fiery masses. The cone itself shook with the concealed subterranean thunder. The lava, flowing from the several orifices, sent forth its highest and most purple flames, and its thickest smoke. Eastward there was another more considerable stream of lava, whose vivid flames enabled us, at times, to estimate distinctly the rapidity of its course as it flowed downwards, forming a small bright stream of fire along the dusky ground.

After my companions, stout hearty Germans, had enjoyed this spectacle for some time, and had recruited their strength with a glass of *Lachrymæ Christi*, they prepared to enter the crater. They had been already, some weeks before, at the summit of Vesuvius, but it was on one of those cloudy days when the prevalence of vapor renders a sight of the gulph impossible. They were resolved not to lose this opportunity, but to take advantage of the favorable state of the weather, and to examine the crater in a thorough truly German manner. They were right in doing so, as it was possible they might not again visit the south. However, being already more familiar with Fra Diavolo, whom I greeted on this occasion as an old acquaintance, as one whom I had already beheld vomiting forth from his awful domicile, his thunder and fire streams, and discharging his red hot

missiles through the air, I was unwilling, worthy and dear to me as were my companions, to make for their sakes a sacrifice which could in no wise benefit them, but certainly would greatly weary me; besides, I have run through so great a proportion of my career, have travelled and seen so much, that I have taken the resolution henceforth to spare myself as much as possible, unless where a proportionate advantage, such as some extraordinary excitement, or some enjoyment rarely to be experienced, was to be the reward. I could expect nothing of the kind on this occasion; yet did I encourage my friends to descend into the crater, that they might receive a more adequate impression of its vast depth, which always appears more inconsiderable than it really is. The same is the case with the circumference, the extent of which is generally underrated by its appearance,

I first saw my friends with difficulty let themselves down the first abrupt precipice of rock, and then seated myself comfortably on a little platform among the cinders, from which I commanded a view of the whole gulph of the crater, and enjoyed, besides, the prospect of the sea, islands, and mountains and plains. I contemplated the rich colors in this mighty volcano, the green, so pleasing to the eye; and the various gaudy tints of the yellow sulphur which covered its sides, spreading a crust over the entire surface of the rock; there, although concealed amidst a body of the densest vapor, was the source whence the stream of lava rushed, boiling forth in all the brightness of living fire; small and innumerable volumes of smoke were issuing from the sides of the rock, while from the double jaws of the ash-black cone, a vast unbroken mass of thick vaporous fire, smoke, and cinders, was whirled upwards in a thousand spirals, and crisping and crackling in the air. I turned to the west, and beheld the Bay of Naples spreading before me under the pale and melancholy blue of the sirocco, with its promontory

and islands rising duskily from out the sea : a second bay appeared through the mist over the fruitful mountains of Sorrento ; and over the rich and verdant plains of the Campaina Felix, a third ; the whole encircled by the boundless element. At my feet lay the Castellamare peninsula stretching to the Cape of Minerva ; and opposite, the beautiful, strangely intersected landscape, from Castel d'Uovo to the Cape of Mesinum. Hence the view wandered through a wider range, and extended from the Island of Circe to the sea that washes the shores of Sicily ; and with these all the associations from the time of Ulysses to Conradin of Swabia, crowded at once to my mind.

On looking again into the crater, I perceived my friends so many diminutive figures, their voices and shouts scarcely to be heard, clambering over the many-colored soil of sulphur. I saw them approach the source of the lava ; they stirred it, as I afterwards learnt, with their climbing poles, which ignited, and watched for some minutes the burning, boiling, and flowing mass.

Throwing some pieces of copper money into the liquid fire, the coin soon became surrounded, and, removed from the stream, was in a few minutes to be held in the hand a piece of hard stony lava. Two of the explorers, it seemed, desired to look into the mouth of the cone itself, and tried

to ascend it in spite of the hot stones and flakes of fire cast upwards in abundance, and of the numerous sulphur vapors, ever changing their direction with the current of wind, and which threatened to suffocate them. They had already mounted about twenty feet, when an awful explosion threw up an immense mass of fire and vapor towards the sky, and a hail of crackling stones came showering down upon the cone. The wind carried the clouds of smoke back again into the crater, in such manner that the daring adventurers disappeared from my sight. I did not contemplate this fearful spectacle without anxiety, and full ten minutes passed before I again got a glimpse of my friends, and beheld the two standing with their companions at the foot of the cone. I took the flask of *lachrymæ christi* that was by my side, and drank to the health of my friends in the regions below. When they returned to the mouth of the grand crater, they would not be satisfied without making the circuit of it, and the sun had already disappeared below the sirocco haze that hung on the horizon before they again joined me. We descended without adventure, but on arriving at Resina could procure no carriage to convey us to Naples. We were obliged to make our way there on foot, and arrived an hour after midnight, half dead with fatigue.

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### THE GATHERER.

"Excursive let my wandering footsteps stray,  
And bear the *harvest* of reflection home."

GOUT.—STEAM CARRIAGES.

*Blewit.*—I TELL you, Major, it is not the gout. God bless me, Sir, may not a man have an inflamed foot, a footstool, and if you please, a love of his own way, without having the gout ?

*Sackville.*—Assuredly he may, Doctor. So the Russian Emperor may march to Constantinople, impose, as the price of his return, conditions on the poor Turk which he cannot

possibly fulfil, and yet have no design at all upon the throne of the Solymons :—all these things may be, but people will entertain impertinent suspicion of the contrary.

*Blewit.*—Don't talk to me, Major Sackville, about Turks and Russians ; I tell you, Sir, that I have not got the gout : Sancho—Mungo—all my domestics know very well that this swelling of my foot does not arise

from the gout. I look upon it as a very unkind remark of any man to say that I have the gout. I am in most serious earnest, Sir.

*Sackville*.—This is really very astonishing to me. Why, Doctor, should you be so anxious to repudiate the imputation? What is there in the gout, that a man should be ashamed of it? For my own part, I protest it would give me more proud satisfaction to experience an attack of that gentleman-like disease than if people were to call me Sabalkansky. Sir, immediately on my medical attendant certifying to such an event, I should despatch our trusty friend, Mungo, to the office of the "Morning Post," desiring that a paragraph might be instantly inserted of this nature:—"We understand that Major Sackville is confined at home with a fit of the gout;" for my part, far from concealing it, I should wish such a point of my history to be known throughout the world;—the gout, Sir, is an evidence of gentle blood—a mark of natural dignity; it is a most patrician and literary disease and distinction,—let it not be despised, it is of important utility,

Et s'il n'existait pas il faudrait l'inventer.

*Blewit*.—(more composed).—Well, Major, well, perhaps you may take the right view of the question. Though I am not altogether of your opinion; one of these evenings, when I have dismissed my footstool and easy shoe, we will settle the merits of the case. Now, tell me what has been moving lately in the world, for I have been, as you perceive, a prisoner in one of its dark corners.

*Sackville*.—I have heard of nothing.

*Sancho*.—What! not heard of the Manchester Steam-carriages, Doctor. They have provided us conveyances at last which are moved through the world at the rate of thirty miles an hour.

*Blewit*.—Astonishing.

*Sackville*.—It will not be astonishing a year hence; in the course of ten years horses will be dismissed and

despised; they will only be found in the gardens of the Zoological Society and the collections of the curious. In those bright days, when we want to move into the country, we shall not send for post-horses. No such thing; we shall be transported there by relays of Congreve rockets; and travellers in a hurry to get up a book for the benefit of Mr. Colburn, will perform their tours on the outside of a cannon-ball.

*Sancho*.—That will be impossible, Major.

*Sackville*.—Do not tell me of impossible, there is no meaning in the term; have we not already overcome half the impossibilities of our ancestors?

#### MONUMENT TO BISHOP HEBER.

A marble monument to commemorate the worth of that excellent man and able divine, the late Bishop Heber, is placed on the right-hand side of the altar of Hodnet Church, near the communion-table, and is more remarkable for modest and humble simplicity than decoration and grandeur. In this we are presented with nothing more than a profile, or side-face; and though the artist has given a countenance considerably more in years than that of forty-three, he has made a handsome recompense for it, by strong lines of dignity and interest. The inscription is as follows:—

"Sacred to the Memory  
of the Right Reverend Father in God,

REGINALD HEBER,

who was born April 21st, 1783;  
instituted to the Rectory of this Parish,  
1807;

chosen Preacher at Lincoln's Inn,  
1822;

consecrated Bishop of Calcutta,  
1822;

and died at Trichinopoly, April 3rd,  
1826.

This monument is erected at the request of his maternal Uncle, the  
Rev. G. Allanson, late Rector of this Parish,

In honor of one whose virtue will long  
be held in pious remembrance here,



where the poorest of his parishioners regarded him as a friend, and where he administered to the temporal and spiritual wants of all as a father and a faithful guide; one whose preaching was simple, impressive, charitable, earnest, eloquent—fitted alike to move the affections and convince the understanding; whose life was a beautiful example of the religion to which it was devoted, and who, in every station to which he was called, performed his humblest, as well as his highest duties, diligently and cheerfully, with all heart and all soul, and with all his strength."

—  
PROFESSOR JUNKER.

The Professor was in the habit of sleeping next to the place in which he kept his subjects, and one night hearing a noise in that room, and supposing that the cats or mice had got at the bodies, he rose from bed, and directed by the noise advanced to the further end of the apartment, where to his inexpressible horror he beheld a naked man standing with his back to the wall! His eyes glared, and were widely opened, and his distended nostrils and convulsed features so alarmed the Professor, that he frankly confessed he was so terrified that he retired, with his face to the figure, which followed him to his bedroom; but unfortunately in stepping into the chamber, his foot slipped, he fell down, and the candle was extinguished! He crept, however, as quietly and quickly into bed as possible, but was very soon disturbed by the figure pulling at the bed-clothes, and at length seizing his feet, imploring him, as the executioner, to spare his life. The Professor, after a few moments reflection, recollected that one of the subjects which had been brought into the rooms during the day was a man who had been hanged, immediately arose, and, procuring a candle, put those remedies in requisition which are deemed necessary in such cases. The man was perfectly restored to life; but Junker knew not what to do with him, as he could not procure a pass-

port, and no one was allowed to pass through the gates without one. However, with some little difficulty, he contrived to get him out of the town, and giving him such a sum as his means permitted, wished him farewell, and returned back. Many years afterwards the Professor had some business which took him to Hamburg, and one day while standing on the Exchange, a very respectable looking man addressed him by name, and inquired if he remembered him? He replied that a man in his public capacity could not recollect all the persons who might be introduced to him—but that it was more than likely they had met before. The stranger then led him aside, and told him he was the person he had saved many years ago in Halle; that on leaving him he made his way to Hamburg, where, by frugality and industry, he had amassed a considerable fortune. He then invited the Professor home with him; treated him sumptuously; and dying soon after this, bequeathed all his wealth to Junker. The Professor used to tell the story himself, but not until after the death of the man.

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LITERARY NOTICES.

THE Author of *The Subaltern* has in the press a Series of Tales, under the title of *The Country Curate*.

The veteran Author of *Caleb Williams* is engaged in writing another novel, the subject of which is reported to be particularly adapted to the display of his peculiar powers.

Sir Edmund Temple announces for immediate publication, an Account of his Travels in South America, in 2 vols.

In a few days will be published, the *Memoirs, Correspondence, and Private Papers*, of Thomas Jefferson, late President of the United States. Edited by Thomas Jefferson Randolph.

It is expected that a greater sensation in certain high quarters will be made by the forthcoming tale, entitled *The Exclusives*, than has ever been produced by any story of Patrician life hitherto published. It is said to be written by a person of the highest rank attainable by a subject.

A new work, by the Author of the *O'Hara Tales*, will soon appear. It is to be called, we believe, *Trials Past By*.

The *Memoirs* of the celebrated Bolivar, and of some of his Generals, are announced for immediate publication.